Saturday Review

GUST 18, 1956 / 20¢

AND OUT
"WHO'S WHO"
Cedric Larson

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J. B. Priestley
John William Rogers

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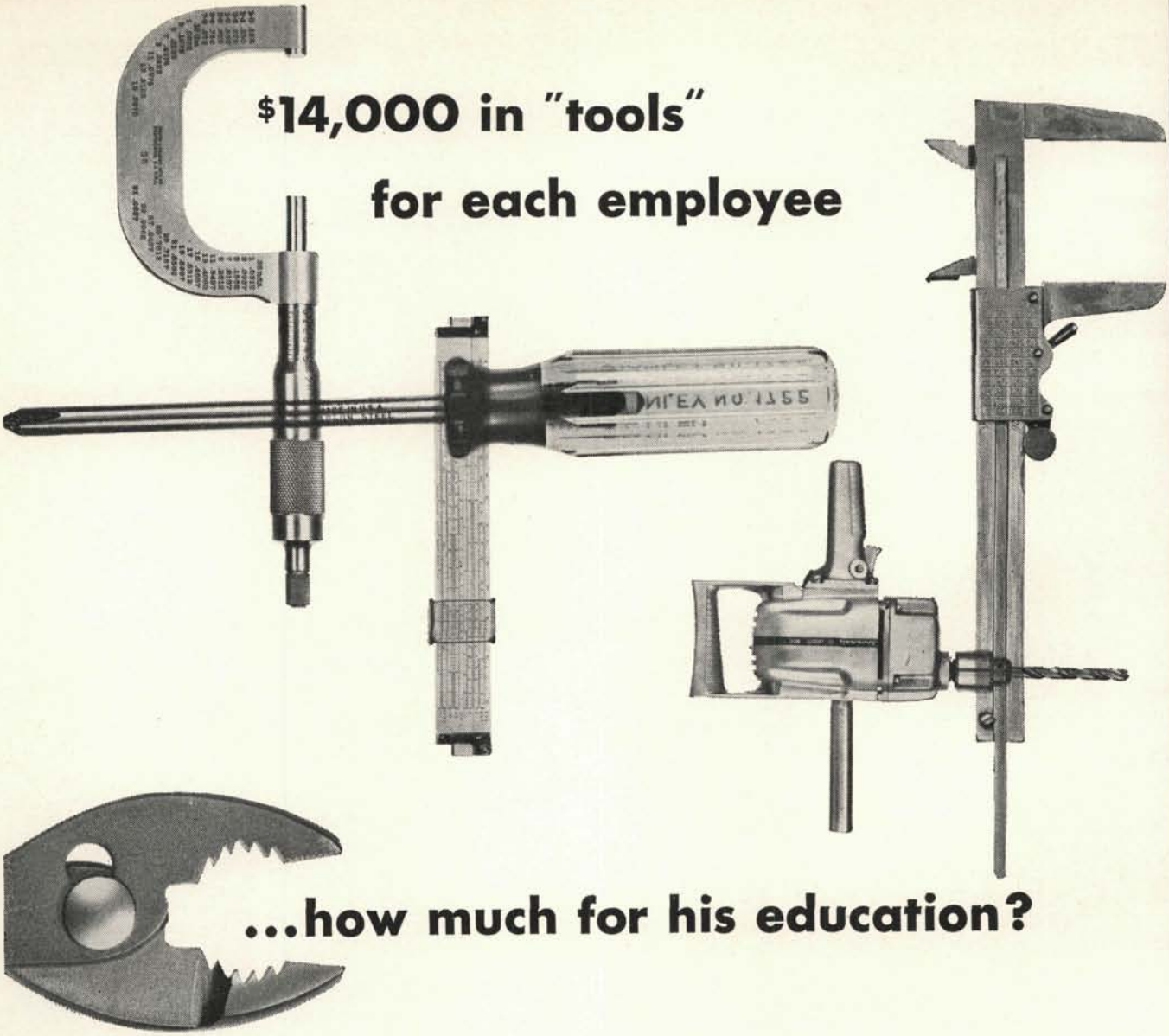

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The Saturday Review

AUGUST 18, 1956

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXIX, No. 33, August 18, 1956. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N.Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers Guide to Periodical Literature."

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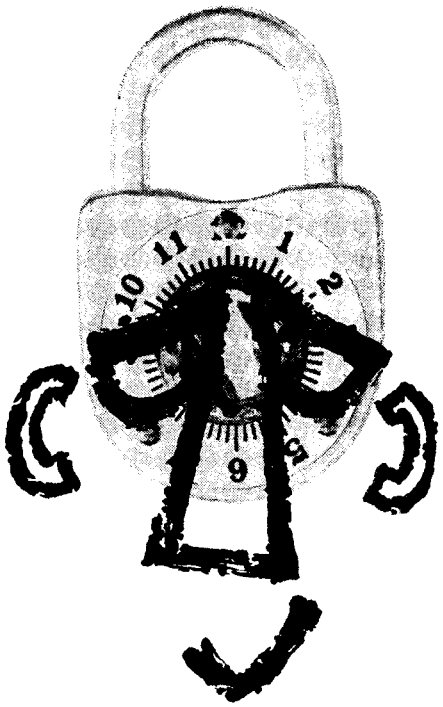

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TRADE Winds

FAN LETTERS—the problem, the bottleneck, the delight of anybody who writes anything anywhere—make me chortle over *Look*'s current quote from Fon W. Boardman, Jr., vice president and advertising manager of Oxford University Press: "We are now in our second month of trying to think up an answer to the correspondent who complained that his Oxford Dictionary had no index."

"THE AFFAIR of Mr. Huxley's grandfather" is one subtitle of one chapter in Herbert Wendt's "In Search of Adam," published by Houghton Mifflin and the August Book-of-the-Month.

It's science, by a man who calls himself "a frustrated zoo director," but no hammocking curved-spine reader need resist it, for there are humor and warmth in it, and a love of mankind and mankind's search for its own origins.

Published in 1954 in Germany, and then in France as "À la Recherche d'Adam," a title which can't help appealing to any ardent Proustian, the book had an immense success, which it apparently will repeat here. The chapter headings and their subheads alone give you a kind of "trailer" of the delightful touches with which the book abounds, and I can't refrain from giving just a few more:

"A complaint by the fishes of Constance" . . . "The wedding customs

of flowers" . . . "The unclassifiable bastards" . . . "Man, too, has an intermaxillary bone" . . . "The Devil is a vegetarian" . . . "Two men sold for 160,000 marks," and the Huxleyan affair already reported.

I'VE BEEN DIPPING INTO "A Jefferson Profile," a collection of 180 of his letters, selected and arranged by Saul K. Padover and published by John Day on Jefferson's birthday thi spring.

The letters were chosen by Mr Padover, from a vast total of 18,000

to make "an intellectual portrait" o that "many-sided man" as "fathe and lover, student and statesman artist and scientist, philosopher and inventor, educator and champion o democracy."

I heard about the book first at a P.E.N. dinner early this summer from its publisher, Richard Walsh, Jr. who told me a story about its autho and the Jefferson Memorial in Washington and how it got the inscriptio it bears. Next day he sent me the story in Mr. Padover's own words, a story which goes back to 1940 when Mr. Padover, as assistant to Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes was asked to "have a look" at the monument.

The memorial was barely completed; the skeleton boards around i were still up; the pedestal for the statue was still unoccupied. Mr. Padover took his look and then went back to his office in a great state.

"What's eating you?" Secretary Ickes asked at once.

"Mr. Secretary, it is a nationa disgrace, what has been done to the Jefferson Memorial. Here is absolutely the first monument to Jefferson in the national capital . . . a monument to the most articulate writer in the field of liberty . . . here is a period when fascism is rampant throughout the world, when democracy is everywhere challenged by dictators. And what does your Park Service do? It puts up a monument without one word from Jefferson himself."

Ickes "immediately caught fire" and told his assistant to find "an inscription from the best of Jefferson." It was not easy to decide on just one sentence from those volu-

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minous writings, but at last Mr. Padover chose it, from a letter written to Dr. Benjamin Rush during the campaign of 1800 when "Candidate Thomas Jefferson was wildly reviled by the Opposition."

Mr. Padover took his quote to his boss. "Ickes was enchanted. 'You shall get credit for it,' he said. 'Write a letter to the President over your own signature, giving the background of the quotation, and I shall personally take it to the White House.'

"I did and he did. FDR also caught fire . . . he immediately told Ickes to order the quotation to be engraved in the most conspicuous place inside the monument . . . so today you can read . . . Jefferson's famous words on enormous blocks of stone right under the dome. The words, indeed, seem to hold up the dome."

The words, of course, are:

I HAVE SWORN UPON THE ALTAR OF GOD, ETERNAL HOSTILITY AGAINST EVERY FORM OF TYRANNY OVER THE MIND OF MAN

HUMOR IS ONE of the non-arguables: you either react to it or you do not react to it, and one of the authors who invariably makes me react is an American woman married to a Persian, Anne Sinclair Mehdevi.

I first began reacting to her pieces about meeting and marrying Mohammed Mehdevi; these appeared in *The New Yorker* and then as a book published by Knopf, "Persian Adventure."

This week "From Pillar to Post" is appearing and again I find myself in that pleasant, suffused amiability as I read. There is no plot; the book is a string of sketches about her improbable, and somehow inevitable, adventures as she and Mohammed and their three youngsters live in "unexpected corners of the world . . . in nineteen different dwellings . . . in six different languages in as many different countries."

She herself was born in Manila, but grew up from three on in Wichita and St. Louis—her father, nice man, was an Internal Revenue agent. Miss Sinclair was bright, too; she won a scholarship to the University of Rochester and earned a Phi Beta Kappa key there. Then she came down to New York, where she became, in turn, a fashion editor for a now defunct magazine, a copywriter for nobody but nobody but Gimbel's, a reporter in Ohio on the *Dayton Herald*, and finally a researcher in *Newsweek*'s Radio Department. After which she met Mohammed Mehdevi.

The five Mehdevis—Bill Cole of Knopf tells me you pronounce it MAY-duh-vee—now live in Majorca, where Mr. Mehdevi, who once was part of the Persian delegation in the U.N., also is devoting himself to writing, so far without being published. After Mexico, the U.S., France, Austria, and Persia, Majorca sounds a tranquil, reasonable place in which to alight, reasonable in various senses of the word.

Though I suppose the C. of L. on Majorca is higher than in the good

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To certain people—wherever you are

If we met you at dinner, and fell easily into conversation, and discovered that you laughed at the same jokes we laughed at, were irritated by the same singing commercial, shared the happy memory (forgotten by Those Others) of, let us say, Walter Huston's great, gruff performance in *Knickerbocker Holiday*, had in common an unsentimental passion for Jane Austen's *Emma* and a sentimental passion for the Triborough Bridge and the view therefrom in all weathers. . . . .

If some such meeting of the minds took place, we would, before the last course came round, address you as follows:

"*There's a wonderful book you must read:* A Discord of Trumpets. *It's the autobiography of* CLAUD COCKBURN, *the English journalist. It's something special. Take our word for it.*"

And you would take our word for it. And read it. And love it. And make everyone on your wavelength read it.

But we haven't met you at dinner. This is a pure accident, a result of the enormous size of the population. It is our loss. In order that it shouldn't be your loss, please take our word about the Cockburn memoir. *A Discord of Trumpets.* By CLAUD COCKBURN. You pronounce the name *Coburn*. It has been pronounced (quite often through clenched teeth) by well known personages all over the world.

We like to think, for the sake of our ego, that you will take on faith our assurance that you ought to lose no time in getting hold of this book. But the insecurity which we share in common with so many (with whom we have or have not dined) compels us to add here, the opinions of others:

QUINCY HOWE, after a page and a half of unalloyed enthusiasm in which he calls Cockburn "a working journalist of genius, first, last, and all the time," writes: "Unable to do justice, in such brief compass, to so rich, human, and humorous a book as *A Discord of Trumpets*, this reviewer can only say: Read it yourself. You will learn as you laugh."

The New York Times Book Review calls it "continuously fascinating and continuously funny."

KINGSLEY AMIS, one of England's finest young writers, says in *The Nation:* "The most brilliantly amusing and invigorating modern autobiography that any of us is likely to get his hands on. Let us be grateful that all the disillusionments one can read behind these witty and highspirited pages left Cockburn as they found him, hard-headed but never cynical, sensitive but never soft."

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE, editor of *Punch*, says: "A work of art, funny, enthralling, gay, shrewd, zestful, and, in its own idiom, vitally conveys the flavor of the strange times through which we have lived."

A Discord of Trumpets awaits you at the bookstore, a few blocks away. Or send for it on the coupon below, and the mailman will bring your copy.

— ESSANDESS

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old days when George Sand and Frederick Chopin alighted there, the *New Statesman and Nation* for July 7 included this offer: "Majorca; six guests only. Beautifully situated country house, overlooking sea, in mountain village, off tourist tracks. Delightful walking and bathing, good cooking and all service, private bathrooms, English spoken. One pound a day." (Miami and Maine papers, please copy.)

SPEAKING OF THAT non-arguable, and speaking of it to the most vociferous arguers ever put on earth, Prentice-Hall is bringing out an American edition of "Streamlined Bridge, or Point-Count Bidding Without Tears."

By Victor Mollo, one of England's most consistent cup and trophy winners in tournament play, this lighthearted but deadly attack on America's "overcomplicated bidding methods" points out that Britain won the World Bridge Championship right in New York last year and that many experts called it "largely a bidding contest."

"So scientific are American bidding practices," says Mr. Mollo by way of an opening lead, "so detailed the exchange of information between the players, that there is little room to go wrong—for their opponents. North and South tell each other every mortal thing about their hands, while East and West listen in, the cads!"

—LAURA Z. HOBSON.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 686

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 686 will be found in the next issue.

F HZFMMQH QM MVYJLPQXO

LPFL JEJSBGVIB DFXLM

LV PFEJ SJFI FXI

XVGVIB DFXLM LV SJFI.

—MFYKJZ HZJYJXM.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 685

A virtue, to be serviceable, must, like gold, be alloyed with some commoner but more durable metal.

—SAMUEL BUTLER.

Literary Sampler

BIRTH OF AN ERA: In my nine years I had seen a Queen's Jubilee and a Queen's funeral. Now I was to see a King's crowning, or at least a provincial celebration of it. For days the townsfolk had been decorating the market square. Flowers and bunting changed the puritan Midland town. Cardboard crowns, the color of milk chocolate, pinned every knot of festoons on buildings and painted poles.

I had never before seen such public rejoicing, and the colored spectacle, with the anticipation of fireworks and a municipal bonfire, so excited my hopes that I could not sleep at night and had to spend the morning of Coronation Day in bed. It was a cold day, so that when I got up I had to wear a borrowed greatcoat. But the evening cleared, and the fireworks and bonfire fulfilled my hopes. I saw people with flaring torches, and unexplained figures on the stage in the market place, sitting on gilded chairs, while several of them came to the front and made speeches which nobody heard, but everybody cheered.

I felt the cold night air creep up my legs and seize my back, and I had to lean against Father to keep myself from falling, like so many other citizens, into a clumsy heap on the cobbles of the market square. So, having assisted at the birth of the Edwardian Age, I was carried to bed in my father's arms, wholly unconscious of the part I had played in the procession of the history of England.—*From "Over the Bridge," by Richard Church (Dutton).*

THE LIBRARY OF TOMORROW: The Library of Congress now holds some thirty-three million items, and as the number increases each of these becomes more difficult to find in a reasonable time. The great space needed for a modern library has resulted in experiments with micro-film storage, and with new methods of copying and printing that will be rapid and compact. Equally important are new methods of finding information buried in a great mass.

Library clerks spend far too much time in finding and sorting books. Instead of having to go to a library to obtain a book one could conceivably obtain it through a pneumatic tube merely by dialing numbers over a telephone. A further suggestion has been that of cataloguing all items of information themselves in terms of numbers, so that by dialing one could obtain any needed bit of known data over the phone from a talking record. —*From "What Man May Be," by George Russell Harrison (Morrow).*

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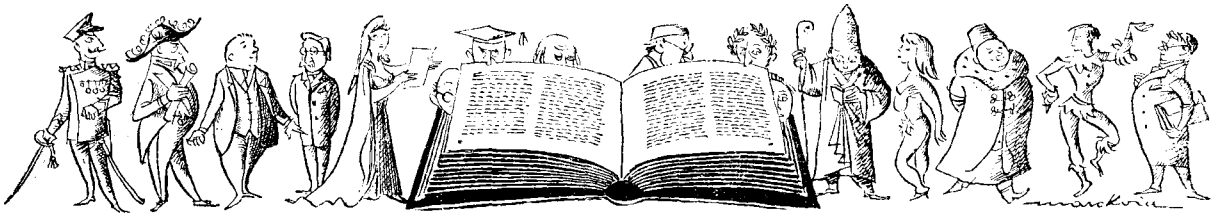
The Saturday Review

AUGUST 18, 1956

IN AND OUT OF "WHO's WHO"



A publication like The Saturday Review *which devotes much of its attention to appraisal of new books of timely or literary importance, may, if it is not careful, overlook new editions of works that are used each day by millions of Americans—dictionaries, encyclopedias, standard reference works. But rifling through our back files, we are happy to see that* SR *has been careful; regularly every second year it has taken proper notice of the appearance of the latest edition of "Who's Who in America," the stout red volume that is a bible to editors and a Hall of Contemporary Fame to most Americans. For example, just twenty years ago—in our issue of Oct. 24, 1936—the late H. L. Mencken dissected the nineteenth volume in prose and from a point of view superbly Menckenesque. "Tap-Day in America" Mr. Mencken called it and, though he had some reservations, on the whole he approved. The new, twenty-ninth, volume gives Cedric Larson an occasion to tell the story of the people who compile "Who's Who" and how they do it.*

By CEDRIC LARSON

FOR almost two generations the volume which has come closer than any other publication in our country to constitute a contemporary "Hall of Fame" is the "Big Red Book" of personal accomplishment—"Who's Who in America." Recently the most name-laden and copious edition (Volume 29) yet to appear in the fifty-eight-year life of this publication made its debut. More than 54,800 biographical listings appear (against 48,716 in the previous edition), about 7,700 "Who's Who" neophytes.

Wheeler Sammons Jr., assistant to the publisher, estimates that the new volume contains somewhat over 9,000,000 words, or eleven times the number of words in the Old and New Testaments combined. Even so, for this issue a concerted effort was made to cut down the length of "Who's Who" listings by confining them more strictly to data of current national reference interest. Years ago the late Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia had 129 lines of type in his sketch, and others have been longer. The most space in recent editions has been accorded to Thomas J. Watson, chairman of the International Business Machines Corporation before his recent death, who received 181 lines in Volume 28. But under the new policy he has forty-four lines in Volume 29. Models of brevity have been the sketches of President Eisenhower and former President Truman. When Eisenhower was commander at NATO he noticed that his listing had grown longer and longer as he acquired new honors. He decided to cut it down. He first pared it to twenty-four lines, and then to nineteen, where it now stands in the new volume. Former President Harry S. Truman compressed his entry to twenty-six lines. Incidentally, he argued that his middle initial should be followed by a period, even though it stood for no middle name, but he was overruled.

About 20 per cent of the listings in "Who's Who" are of what the editors call an "arbitrary" nature: that is, individuals elected or appointed to some responsible political, judicial, or legislative office, and listed by reason of their incumbency rather than because of personal achievements. In the "arbitrary" category come the President, Vice President, Cabinet members, Senators, and Congressmen; state governors and attorneys-general; high-ranking diplomats, judges, and churchmen; admirals and generals; college presidents and members of certain scientific and philanthropic societies.

THE present crop of "Who's Who" newcomers covers almost every phase of human activity. They include Nobel prizewinners A. Hugo Theorell and Halldor K. Laxness, in medicine and literature, respectively; Mayor Richard J. Daley of Chicago and Mayor Will F. Nicholson of Denver; Ambassador to Liberia Richard Lee Jones and Ambassador to Rumania Robert H. Thayer; actress Julie Harris and movie stars Ernest Borgnine, Eva Marie Saint, Grace Kelly, and Marilyn Monroe. In the realm of TV we find the names of Steve Allen, George Gobel, Jackie Gleason, and Garry Moore; ballet dancer Tanaquil LeClercq; Japanese dancer Tokuho Azume IV; tenors Kurt Baum and

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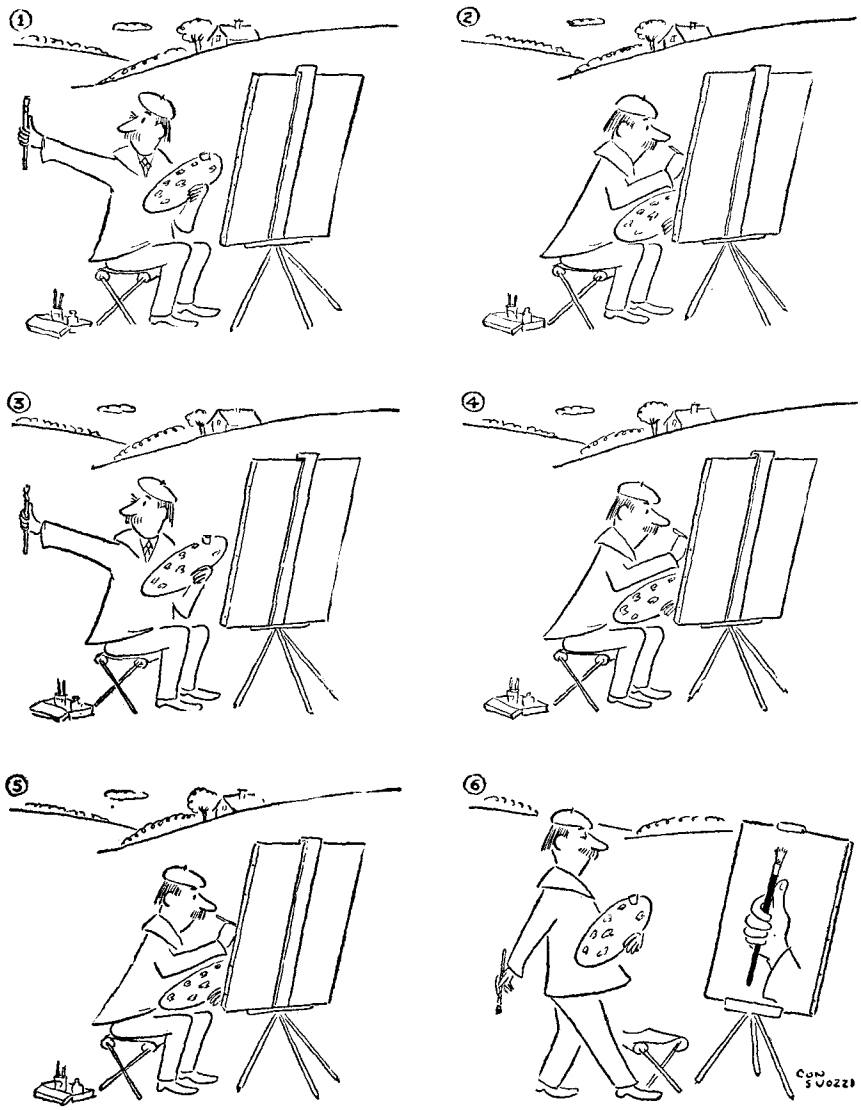

Tebaldi; and Theodore K. Lawless, dermatologist and winner of the Spingarn medal of the NAACP.

A touch of internationalism manifests itself in the listing of nonresidents of the United States who are currently of interest to Americans. Among those who get a listing in the new edition for the first time are Hachem El-Atassi, (former) President of Syria; Nikolai A. Bulganin, Prime Minister of the USSR; Giovanni Gronchi, President of Italy; Gamal Abdel Nasser, (former) Premier (now President) of Egypt; Ngo-Dinh-Diem, Premier of South Vietnam; Thakin U Nu, (former) Prime Minister of Burma; Carlos Castillo Armas, President of Guatemala; Edgar Faure, (former) French Prime Minister; Antoine Pinay, (former) French foreign minister; and Mendes-France, former French Prime Minister. (The above-mentioned officials parenthetically described as "former" point up the transitoriness of high office in some areas of the world.)

There are—believe-it-or-not—approximately forty-five persons from Volume 1 who still are listed in Volume 29. One of these is Josef Hofmann, the pianist, born in Cracow, Poland, January 20, 1876. At the age of seven this prodigy attracted the attention of Anton Rubinstein. At the age of eleven he was going on concert tours, and has had a brilliant career over the years as pianist and composer. Today at the age of eighty he still gives concerts occasionally, and maintains a lively interest in things musical.

Another individual whose name has appeared successively in twenty-nine editions of "Who's Who" is Rupert Hughes, who has written a host of books, plays, and articles. He rates fifty-seven lines in the 1956 edition. He still writes at the age of eighty-four.

ONE of the most colorful personalities of Volume 29 is biographee Daniel Szantay, who in October 1955 celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in the United States from Hungary. He came penniless to this country, worked in a steel mill, and has gone on to become one of the pioneer dyemakers for the plastics industry. He can probably be considered the titular head of the Hungarians in the United States. He considers his arrival in the United States more significant than his birth date, and celebrates it instead of his birthday.

No account of "Who's Who" would be complete without brief reference to their ingenious system of "burglar alarms" to trap plagiarists or unscrupulous competitors. Did you ever hear of Harold Edward Kelly? Although this distinguished author, world traveler, and patron of the arts showed up in an edition of "Who's Who" (not Volume 29), he never existed. His elaborate biography, which listed him as author of the never-written "Wanderers in Darkest Africa," was completely fictitious. Several spurious gentlemen the likes of Mr. Kelly are included in each "Who's Who." They're "burglar alarms" to trap pirates and unethical publishers who sometimes reprint the carefully-collected "Who's Who" biographies. If an eagle-eyed Marquis editor spots one of these phony celebrities in a rival's book there is an open-and-shut basis for a lawsuit.

Finally, the Marquis editor needs a keen sense of humor. Hardly a day passes when the office staff is not convulsed over the brashness of some hopeful biographee. Such, for example, was the day when the editors received a filled-in questionnaire listing among the biographee's attainments his designation as a Man of Distinction by the makers of Lord Calvert Whiskey! This accomplishment never appeared in "Who's Who."

It's still a man's world, if we analyze the listings in Volume 29 by sex. About 2,600 entries, or roughly 5 per cent, of the biographees are women. Mr. Sammons says that this ratio has held roughly over the years from volume to volume. It might be pointed out that in a country like France or Italy the proportion of women included in such a book would be smaller, perhaps a fraction of 1 per cent.

While education is not necessarily a yardstick for inclusion in "Who's Who" at least 90 per cent of those in Volume 29 attended college, and of that 90 per cent some 65 per cent attended independent private institutions of higher education. Harvard leads all universities with the number of alumni in "Who's Who," and Yale runs a close second. However, if we take as a gauge the ratio of graduates in "Who's Who" to the university's present enrolment Princeton leads.

Fame has always run in families, but the Gambrell family of South Carolina holds some kind of record. All five children of one family, the Gambrells—Barmore P., Charles G., Enoch S., Mary Lattimer, and William H.—are in the new volume (they were in Volume 28 also). And among the

(*Continued on page* 39)

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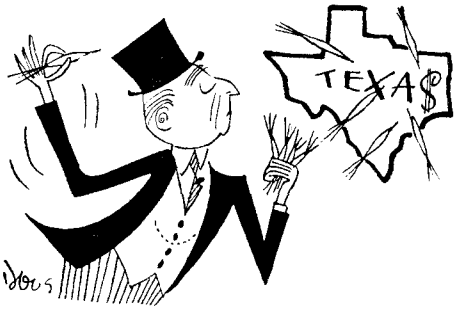
LITERARY FISSION

DALLAS MEETS J. B. PRIESTLEY



In the fall of 1954 the eminent British man of letters J. B. Priestley paid visits to Dallas and Houston to give lectures and be lionized. What Mr. Priestley said and did became the principal topic of conversation at cocktail parties in those metropolises for months afterwards. This excitement was as nothing compared to the talk stirred up when Harper's early this year published a book called "Journey Down the Rainbow," a collaboration by Mr. Priestley and his wife, the anthropologist Jacquetta Hawkes. What Mr. Priestley said about Dallas is reprinted below. An eyewitness report by John William Rogers on the confrontation of Dallas by Mr. Priestley begins on page 10. Of the whole episode one Dallas writer took a philosophic view. "His visit here," Warren Leslie wrote in The Dallas News, *"was like a gust of fresh air, much too strong to be comfortable, but still invigorating."*

Genial Men, Handsome Girls in a Mining Camp

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

I CAME to Dallas by bus from Fort Worth. The forty-mile highway between the two cities passes through several small towns ("Come Again to Arlington—The Centre of America's Future" cried one of them) and is lined all the way with trailer courts, motels, drive-in movie theatres, supermarkets, gas stations, second-hand car dealers, and large facetious notices—"If You Can't Stop —Wave!" and "Fishworms with Fish Appeal."

Feeling rather lost after the long journey, a crumpled and hungry man (I had had no lunch), not knowing where I would find a room and a bed that night, I stared through the bus window, wondering what—in the name of the foul fiend of restlessness—I thought I was doing there. This was probably one of my worst ideas, for I had come nearly 5,000 miles, at horrible expense, for what? Dallas came towering up, then closed round me. One of its highest towers seemed to be made of dazzling tin. The bus reached its formidable terminus. As the brakes gave a final sigh of relief I saw at once—for I am an intuitive type—that somebody had come to meet me.

The Local Enthusiast, who had had a letter about me from New York, explained that the hotel had no room that night because it was still housing a conference. He proposed to take me to his house, which, he added with the quick generosity that is one of the most endearing American traits, was mine to command, if I preferred it, for the remainder of my stay in his city. I accepted gratefully for that night, but said that as I had booked a room in the hotel I had better occupy it the next day, and stay there to take advantage of its central position in the town. He himself lived a mile or two away, in what I soon saw, as we went gliding and purring into it, was the best residential suburb, called Lakeside.

Here, in a pleasant interior, dim after so much brilliant sunlight, my hostess welcomed me with good-natured warmth; and in ten minutes, after hastily unpacking my large suitcase, in which a pound of tobacco had broken loose, I had made a fine trim

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bedroom look as if a platoon of infantry had passed through it. I descended to find the drink and the sandwich awaiting me, the first rill of what was soon to turn into a Niagara of hospitality. There was talk; there were high-fidelity records; there were visitors and much more talk. I was asked, and I agreed, to share the evening's social round my host and hostess had already planned for themselves. It began with a crowded party at a country club with cascades of champagne and steaming rosy hillocks of lobster Newburgh, a hundred men with deep voices and nothing much to say, a hundred and fifty women all smart as new whips with everything to say. Introductions were formal and took precedence over all attempts at conversation; I must have heard, "May I present—?" a hundred times. They seemed agreeable people but I never had a chance to get to know anybody.

After two hours of this, foaming with champagne, dubiously loaded down with lobster Newburgh, and rapidly losing contact with reality, I was conjured away from the country club to the smoky candle-lit recesses of a restaurant, where we joined, belatedly, a large dinner party at a long table. We were just in time to welcome a mammoth dessert, the largest I have ever seen—halves of giant pineapples came into it, I seem to remember—for I refused to tackle one.

The parties, chiefly thrown my way by the Local Enthusiast, went on and on. Everybody was hospitable and kind and very friendly, though we all kept off politics. I met only one person I thoroughly disliked, and this particular young man, I was told, was notorious; whereas, meeting the same number of people in London, New York, Paris, I would probably have run into dozens I thought detestable. On the other hand, I met very few people whose presence and talk made me feel eager to meet them again. The truth is, these parties had everything parties should have—genial men and handsome women in a good setting, first-class food, and drink and service—except striking personalities and satisfying talk. I do not say the strik-

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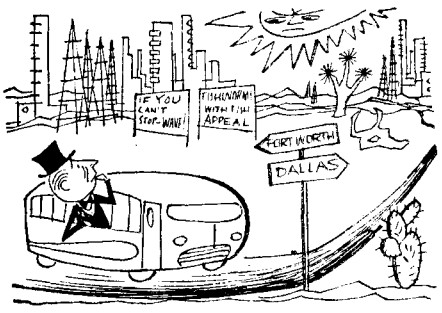

Moralist Without Manners

By JOHN WILLIAM ROGERS

A LETTER from Ramona Herdman of Harper's, American publishers of J. B. Priestley, arrived saying the British novelist was coming to Dallas. Would I, it asked, make a hotel reservation and otherwise do what I could to add to his stay?

In view of the repercussions of Priestley's eight days in Dallas, followed by ten equally violent days in Houston and what he has written of Texans in "Journey Down a Rainbow," a few facts about his visit are worth bringing to light. The day Priestley arrived in Dallas not a room was available at the principal hotels. To save him inconvenience I met him at the station, and invited him to be a guest in my home. Priestley had come to see what life in Dallas was like, and during the next five days my wife and I took him to three large private parties, had a buffet dinner for him which included some eighty representative citizens, arranged for him to be a guest of the Petroleum Club at a cocktail party in honor of General "Wild Bill" Donovan, and to be an honor guest at the annual dinner of the Dallas Council on World Affairs.

After the first night a room became available at a hotel, and while our hospitality was offered for the duration of his visit he felt it would be more convenient to be downtown. But he wanted to do some writing. Where, he inquired, could he rent a typewriter? After he was deposited with his bag at the Baker Hotel I arranged for the friendly loan of one to him.

My wife and myself were only two of many people who entertained Priestley, for he had seen to it that a number of introductions preceded him. He arrived Monday afternoon and by Saturday night he had circulated among several groups in the town. By Saturday night his social *gaucherie* had aroused what amounted to general outrage. What did he do? He complained about the dulness of the people he met, the poor quality of food, the worship of money. He affronted matrons by surreptitious physical familiarities in drawing-rooms and cars. And in one instance he repaid the kindness of a person who telephoned from New York to have a hostess arrange a large luncheon for him to make the luncheon the occasion of a scandalous surmise about his benefactor. (The New Yorker had, incidentally, extended hospitality to him and his wife as they passed through New York.) It was at this luncheon he was heard to remark: "I wouldn't have my lovely wife meet these common Texas women."

On the eighth day he departed for Houston. In his stay there he so rapidly repeated his role of the guest terrible that long letters of consternation detailing his behavior there arrived back in Dallas. It reached the point where one Houston newspaper openly suggested he leave town. He was cited to the British consul as an ambassador of ill will. The consul later made inquiries of myself and others in Dallas about this.

Priestley in his long fortnight in Texas had already gained a kind of wry immortality as a symbol of the crude presumptuous guest when his volume "Journey Down a Rainbow" appeared. To a degree that was remarkable he had transferred to the printed page the same acute irritation that characterized his visit. *The Dallas News* discussed the book under the headline "PRIESTLEY'S 'MORALS' BEST HIS MANNERS," and Warren Leslie who reviewed it there wrote: "Mr. Priestley did not so much arrive in Dallas as explode in it. . . . As for Priestley's commentaries [about Texas] they seem a bit usual, not to say old hat."

Dechard Turner of *The Dallas Times-Herald* treated the book with a refreshing directness that met the Priestleys on their own ground. (Mrs. Priestley writes half of the book about New Mexico, extolling at length the superiority of ancient Pueblo life to contemporary civilization.) "A better pair of Britannic creeps it would be hard to imagine," wrote Turner. "What might have been fascinating in the hands of someone less conceited becomes a dolorous tirade on the essential oafishness of their American hosts. The Priestleys violated the first laws of impartial investigation by putting themselves between the evidence and conclusions."

STRUCK by the reactions of resentment both in the reviewers and in the comments of individual readers, I

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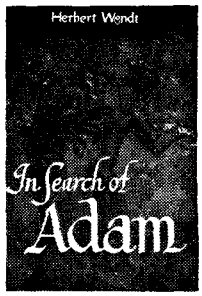

SR's *Book of the Week:*

"IN SEARCH OF ADAM"

Author: Herbert Wendt

By MARSTON BATES, *professor of biology, University of Michigan.*

"EACH skull and hand axe that lies in a museum today, and each book that deals with the origin of mankind, has had a career of its own. If the evidence of prehistory is examined with the eye of the professional student it acquires an uncanny reality. It emerges from the museums, the cabinets of specimens, and the libraries, dissipating the mists of ignorance that obscure the epochs of human and cultural evolution by which the fate of our world has been decided. In this narrative . . . I have therefore stressed the man himself, the investigator, possessed and inspired by genius, who first makes the facts come to life. For this reason I was obliged to enter upon other scientific fields beyond my actual theme, citing documents, letters, and reports that enabled the setting in which each separate event occurred to be reconstructed. Thus I hope the reader will be able to participate in the adventure of research, in the works of excavation, in the unveiling of relics of the days before history, and in scientific disputes that victimized so many misunderstood discoverers."

In these words Herbert Wendt has prefaced his 528-page volume entitled "In Search of Adam" (Houghton Mifflin, $6.50), a history of modern man's search for his ancestors—or perhaps one could better say a history of the development in modern times of conceptions of man's place in nature. The book was a best-seller in Germany, its author's native land, and in France; the fact that it has been is an augury of its popularity in this country. Obviously it was written not for scientists but for the general reader.

The book starts with an account of a conversation in 1705 between two residents of the university town of Aldorf, in Franconia, during an evening stroll in the course of which they come across some fossil vertebrae. This hypothetical discussion then leads easily into a review of medieval and renaissance ideas about fossils, about the Flood of Genesis, and then about the place of man in nature.

Mr. Wendt goes on to look at the history of man's attempts to find order and system in nature, from the time of Aristotle to that puzzling and important figure of the eighteenth century, Linnaeus. He introduces a theme here which recurs through the book: the contrast between the classifiers, the system-builders, the people interested primarily in describing the static architecture of nature, and the less tidy-minded students of process.

He writes: "The very men who brought order into the bewildering exuberance of nature, Aristotle in antiquity and Linnaeus at the threshold of the new scientific age, were those who most strenuously opposed the dynamic method of observation in nature. They preferred a system that gave every phenomenon its own immutable position in the pattern, to groping in the dark and dubious purlieus of history and prehistory. No wonder! Anyone who has had anything to do with government officials knows how much they prefer paragraphs and documents to living matter. And the systematizers are the government officials of natural science."

Which shows where Mr. Wendt's sympathies lie: though I should note that he does not underestimate the importance of the systematizers in the development of knowledge, from Linnaeus on to the present. If they had not been looking for the rules, he admits, others could not have found the exceptions.

He examines the fascinating array of personalities who have played important roles in the evolution of evolutionary thought: Goethe, Lamarck, Buffon, Cuvier, Darwin, and a host of lesser-known names. The interest is always in the relation between the general problem of biological evolution and the special problem of man's origins. Hence Mr. Wendt discusses in considerable detail the various discoveries of human and subhuman fossils in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and the controversy that arose over the significance of these various finds. Men do not change their ideas readily, and scientists, like other people, are often able to ignore a great many stubborn facts when they don't fit their pet theories, and Mr. Wendt documents this fact time and again. He is not trying to debunk the scientists; he is rather trying to show that they too are human.

IT IS difficult to appraise a book like this. Mr. Wendt has attempted to simplify and explain a large segment of man's comfort and hope from the fact that despite millions of years of natural and self-caused catastrophes mankind has been able to survive. What else can account philosophically for the astonishing series of books like Ceram's romance of archeology, Herrmann's story of discoveries, and Morus's story of the animal kingdom? We need that larger perspective which illuminates the darkness of human origin in order to prove to ourselves that we have a chance in the future. We have become conscious of the past. And before we take the next step forward cautiously we wish to put to the test that which is in the past and that which remains."

—*Kühn.*

THE BOOK IN GERMANY: Every major German newspaper carried long reviews of Herbert Wendt's book "In Search of Adam" ("Ich Suchte Adam") and the public responded enthusiastically, grabbing up some 50,000 copies. Herbert Kaufmann, critic for the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung für Deutschland,* attempting to put his finger on the reason for its popularity, took a look at the string of books on the history of man that preceded it and then indulged in psychological speculation: "It is apparent that after the upheaval of the last war we [Germans] seek to draw

IN FRANCE too public reaction to the Wendt book was cordial and sales exceeded those in Germany. Under the title "À La Recherche d'Adam" it was reviewed in *Figaro* and other influential publications, and has been a subject of discussion on radio programs. The author is held in such esteem that he has been granted permission to visit the usually restricted caves in the Vezere-Tal in the Dordogne. Some critics have suggested that Wendt's French reception is in no small amount attributable to the attention he gives to French locale in his story of man —S. M.

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of modern intellectual history. He has used at many points the narrative technique of fiction, reconstructing possible incidents and personalities and thereby trying to recreate the "feel" of the developing situation. No scientist is going to agree with all of the details, or even with the relative emphasis on different personalities and ideas. But Mr. Wendt is not writing for scientists: he is writing for the general reader interested in one of the great intellectual adventures of our species. The book must be judged not by its details but by the general impression that it creates.

I think that Mr. Wendt has been remarkably successful in his attempt to bring life to this fascinating aspect of history. His emphasis on personalities, his easy and fast-moving style, and his apt illustrations should arouse and hold the interest of the reader. He has delved into many obscure corners of biology and anthropology, but I wish that somehow he had managed to give some documentation of his sources. I found myself often disagreeing with his interpretations and wondering how and where he got some of his ideas. He has found many cases in the past where the crackpot has been right and the entrenched professors wrong, and this has led him, I think, to become enamored of the unorthodox for its own sake. In a final and rather poor chapter on cultural history, for instance, he develops the theory that Mayans and other American Indians domesticated the mastodon. But the overall picture that he draws is not, I think, seriously misleading. I suspect the entrenched professors won't like the book, but I doubt that Mr. Wendt cares.

A Pretty Girl

By Alan Dugan

WE WERE related by the flesh
remotely: she was my
girl-friend's brother's girl,
my sister-out-of-law
I said, and heard her laugh
displeasing both the sibs.

Her willing was alert,
flighty as skirts in May,
and buxom with the pearls
of sixteen years of acts
deciding how to form
and place her voice and heart.

They broke up bitterly,
bitterly confused by love,
and convalesced apart,
a non-concern of mine,
but I am minus one
beauty in ugly times.

Disinterring the Past

***"Still Digging," by Sir Mortimer Wheeler** (E. P. Dutton. 236 pp. $4), offers the reminiscences of an enterprising and opinionated British archeologist. C. A. Robinson, Jr., professor of classics at Brown, is our reviewer.*

By C. A. Robinson, Jr.

SIR MORTIMER WHEELER has led such a remarkable life that the mere reading of his reminiscences in a volume called "Still Digging" leaves one breathless. Forever on the move, with limitless energy apparently, he has cast his career largely in the newer fields of archeology—such as those of Roman Britain and prehistory—so that he has had one prejudice and obstacle after another to overcome. And being a man of extraordinary talent he has evolved new techniques and standards in digging and publication which have not always found ready acceptance. A little impatient, perhaps, with the difficulties of others, and sometimes unaware that the requirements of excavation may vary from one area to the next, he has nevertheless accomplished professional wonders and at the same time gained wide popular support of archeology in Britain through radio and television.

Early in life, when Welsh archeology hardly existed, Wheeler became director of the National Museum of Wales, built a fine building, set up long-range plans, and then rushed back to London, full of dreams, to become Keeper of the London Museum. Here World War I found him, and he immediately joined up. With peace he inaugurated important excavations in Roman Britain and realized his dream of founding the Institute of Archeology in London, which by now has turned out generations of well-trained students.

In the midst of all this Wheeler found time for an archeological survey of the Near East. Only the intricacies of the law of libel have prevented him from spelling out his reaction to the excavations in Palestine, Lebanon, and Syria, where "the fundamental canons of the craft were simply not comprehended." The statement is far from exact, however, especially when one recalls that the great Princeton excavations at Antioch, then under way, show vividly how ancient art turns into early Christian.

In order to connect up the Roman archeology of Britain with its counterpart across the Channel, Wheeler also commenced excavations in northern France. The "undeveloped French museums" and, at another point, "the established Italian tradition of spectacular if superficial research" we can overlook, no less than the references to French brats and the tropical mentality, since World War II, for which he had "savagely hoped," now broke out and again Wheeler enlisted. A very brave man, he rose to the rank of brigadier.

War fills a third of Wheeler's book. As the North African campaign developed he became a party to the top secret of the Sicilian invasion. Fearful for the fate of the historical monuments, he flew 1,100 miles back to Cairo, if only to find a Baedeker and make up a list of what should be saved. This, he says, was before the allied Commission for the protection of monuments had come into being—a statement he knows is incorrect, for he soon remarks: "It appeared that two Americans, whose names meant nothing to us, were, somewhat vaguely as it seemed, going to keep an eye upon the churches, temples, and collections of Sicily." The fact that European monuments came through a terrible war as well as they did is sufficient commentary on the work of the Commission, composed in large part, incidentally, of American college professors.

BEFORE the war ended Wheeler, in another of his amazing moves, went to India as director general of archeology. He put the central office into shape, a much-needed job, began several important excavations, thousands of miles apart, traveled constantly by every conceivable conveyance, and even went on an archeological excursion into Afghanistan—all accompanied by comments on a variety of things. The French in India, apparently, "have neither laws nor latrines, so that their colonization is a little liable to be both inequitable and unsavory."

Despite his high standards and strictures of others Wheeler does not always realize that a first rule of an excavation is to finish it. For example, as the adviser in archeology to the Government of Pakistan—a post he assumed after Partition—he resumed excavation of the great site of Mohenjo-daro. With only a week to go, and fearing that the place might be flooded by further digging, he nevertheless kept on until myriad jets of water overwhelmed the work. Whether he returns or not it is certain that Sir Mortimer will not rest content with this full and exciting life, but will break out anew on some other front, where everyone will wish him high success.

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NOVEL OF THE WEEK

Encore for Mlle. Sagan

By FRANCES KEENE

STATISTICS sometimes being of the essence, let us consider that a million and a half copies of Françoise Sagan's exceptionally well-constructed but indifferently written first novel, "Bonjour Tristesse," were handily disposed of in this country, that printings of 125,000 copies of her second, "A Certain Smile" ("Un Certain Sourire"), disappeared rapidly in France, that 100,000 copies have been ordered, before publication, in the USA. This should be proof enough that something about the lilliputian literate, as exemplified in Mlle. Sagan's teen-age brat, spying and reporting in excruciating detail the life she shared vicariously with her father in "Bonjour," caught not only American readers (so easily accused of teen-age tastes) as those of France. Critics on both sides of the Atlantic have outstripped each other to liken her to Colette, to Virginia Woolf, and to God knows what other major woman writer, still excluding Jane Austen.

With the publication of "A Certain Smile" (translated by Anne Green and published by Dutton at $2.95) Mlle. Sagan comes a bit more into focus. She has been listening to herself in the age-old wise way of born authors, has grown less shrill, allowed herself a bit more humor, even if wistful, and is less the pert *voyeuse*.

"A Certain Smile" takes the young first person f. protagonist from, perhaps seventeen in the first book to nineteen or twenty when the current tale opens. Dominique, Mlle. Sagan's protagonist, is now a "serious" student at the Sorbonne and faces that vacuum of emotional direction so characteristic of the threshold of maturity. This little girl, whose capacity for life and love grows as she learns to avoid existentialist attitudinizing—is *au fond* a groping youngster with wit and perception. At the start Dominique "hacks around" with Bertrand, as her U. S. counterparts would say. Occasionally she sleeps with him and finds it not too dull, but his drearily unrequited devotion is heavy weather. Something in Dominique warns her that Bertrand, though a kind and decent fellow (she realizes this, yet does not explore why or why she knows it), cannot turn out the be-all-and-end-all of her emotional life.

Through Bertrand, the shadow-figure of the good young man, Dominique meets his uncle, Luc, a lawyer whose affairs take him across continents and seas. Luc, despite Dominique's carefully studied pose of world-weariness, moves her first to curiosity, then to shared though not equal passion, finally to love: Luc is no shadow. Coping with the impact of the mid-forties man is a rough assignment for young Dominique: he has admitted his devotion to his placid yet never stolid wife, he tells Dominique no lies, and he asks her to share with him a vacation, a few good days, a little joy seized by the way.

Dominique pretends to be up to the assignment—is she not one of the disillusioned young?—yet she sags under the strain and her heart comes to know fear and loneliness. ("I longed to lie on his shoulder until night, and perhaps to complain gently because we weren't supposed really to love each other.") In the process of emotional growth she is stripped of pretense, of indifference, and of a certain preoccupation with non-feeling very akin to living death.

AT THE book's end Dominique has met emotion in many forms. She has even acquired some nascent capacity to sense the hurt of others. Of his wife's attachment to Luc she has a dim understanding as she finally grasps the fact that she is not the only one to suffer: "I had never thought this affair could have another dimension, a dimension unknown to me, something pathetic, no, not even pathetic, just ordinary and sad. . . ."

If Françoise Sagan, a growing human being, is given a chance to stand back and look at herself in relation to future work, is not jounced by a fiction-hungry public into continuously premature performance, she can achieve a certain power. Her books are swift with insight and growing emotional capacity. Her style is honest, direct, and her dialogue true. But for her sake let's hold back those invidious comparisons. Colette indeed! She might turn out to be Sagan.

THE AUTHOR: Françoise Sagan is the world's most famous ex-teen-age author. She was all of eighteen when her first book, "Bonjour Tristesse," made her a literary sensation in France overnight, and she has managed to hold on to that reputation in her old age. Like Chanel No. 5, camembert, and Edith Piaf, she has become one of France's leading exports; her novel sold like *gâteaux chauds* when it finally appeared here in 1955. Today she is a *grande dame* of twenty-one with a splendid career as the *enfant enfant-terrible* of the literary scene.

—René Saint-Paul.

This is the way it began: A few years ago Mlle. Sagan (her real name is Quoirez) was having a rough time at the Sorbonne—all right, she sort of flunked out—when she was suddenly confronted with the awesome problem of what to do with her spare time. She had already published a few pieces in magazines, so she settled down to become a literary celebrity. "With my family angry at me I had to do something," she once said in explaining her writing career, which is perhaps as good a writing reason as any. It took her one month to write "Bonjour Tristesse." (As she has gotten older and older, she has slowed down considerably, and it took her twice as long to write "Un Certain Sourire.") Her book succeeded at once in shocking a lot of old prudes and delighting a lot of young ones, and in the process it made her quite a few francs and quite a reputation. One of France's leading newspapers told her life story in comic-strip form, which, they say in certain St. Germain des Près circles, is *formidable*. She got a 50,000-franc advance (about $420) on that novel, and she pretty much exhausted it to finance the cafe talk in her *arrondissement*. The francs then began pouring in in earnest, and she promptly acquired a couple of trinkets: a Jaguar and a leopard-skin coat. She is crazy about driving fast, and her sports car reportedly has left its imprint in several lovely French trees. Pert, dimpled, with a face that *Life* once described as a "wise little monkey face" during her 1955 visit here, she is also fond of shooting dice, listening to jazz, and spending afternoons on cafe terraces.

Once, asked what her family thought about her swift success, the precocious young lady from Paris said, "They just think the whole matter's very funny." —BERNARD KALB.

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A Doctor's Business

"A Family Party," by John O'Hara *(Random House. 64 pp. $1.95), records a eulogy delivered at a testimonial banquet that reveals much about the character of Dr. Samuel G. Merritt and the community in which he practised.*

By James Kelly

MAP-MINDED readers will be interested to know that Lyons, Pa. ("A Family Party") is thirty-five miles from Gibbsville ("Appointment in Samarra" and "Ten North Frederick") and forty-four miles from Fort Penn ("A Rage to Live"). Distance not estimated from Rockbottom ("The Farmers Hotel"). In mental miles, to use a veiled metaphor, the space between Lyons and these other places is even greater. For "A Family Party," John O'Hara's 10,000-word story which first appeared in *Collier's*, is mellow, gentle, unportentous, and uncomplicated. No tough talk or tricky assignations. No deft character assassinations. No snobmanship about the "right schools" or pedantry about how to behave when company comes.

Leaving these notable tools in the drawer and writing with one hand tied behind him, so to speak, Mr. O'Hara now relies upon his celebrated eye, ear, and small-town social insights to bring off a tour de force. "I can make you read me," he seems to be saying, "even if I just give you the principal speech at a dinner to honor a country doctor you don't know who practised forty years in a town you never heard of." In "A Family Party" Mr. O'Hara makes his point.

Evoking emotion while skirting sentimentality, the eulogy by Albert W. Shoemaker at the testimonial banquet given by Lyons friends and neighbors for Dr. Samuel G. Merritt is an extemporaneous *nonpareil*. Through the slightly tangled syntax of a simple man talking sincerely, the audience assembled in the main dining room of the Lyons Hotel on September 17, 1955 got considerably more than an inventory of the public and private virtues of kindly old Doc Merritt. It got a few non-rhetorical definitions of friendship, courage, sadness, and beauty. Through the random highlights of one stalwart lifetime, it got a bigger sampling of bygone Americana than most of those present probably realized. And most everybody would agree afterwards, readers of the speech included, that Mr. Shoemaker did about as good a job of summing up the human side of doctoring as anybody could expect. Just take this one remark of his: "But if you look at Sam's whole career as a doctor and as a man, I never saw anybody like Sam for wanting to right a wrong. A doctor is always righting wrongs. That's his business, or profession, if you prefer. He is supposed to cure people, which is the same thing as righting a wrong."

None of the important things are left out. The good reason why the guest of honor decided to become a doctor instead of a carpenter, his matter-of-fact heroism during the carnage of a train wreck, his carelessness with bills, his quiet self-sacrifice in the matter of building a new hospital. Mr. Shoemaker even mentioned Alice Merritt, Sam's childhood sweetheart and wife whose mind finally gave way after attempted childbirth. All are affecting memories which build offhandedly to the moving moment when Mr. Shoemaker hands Dr. Merritt a check for $20,000 to establish the Alice G. Merritt Maternity Ward and an engraved silver platter which reads: "Presented to Samuel G. Merritt, M.D., at a Family Party in Honor of His Forty Years of Service to His Community." Prolonged applause and a standing ovation undoubtedly followed.

FOR most observers, including budding and mature members of the medical profession, "A Family Party" will establish a warm, communal mood. But sharp-eyed carpers, who have suspected for some time that Mr. O'Hara fancies himself a kindly Sinclair Lewis, will welcome fresh ammunition. If the present idea is to give a dimensional profile of a man, they may note, isn't it loading the dice for sweetness and light to present material within the limitations of a eulogy! When all is said and done, might not "A Family Party" be almost as much of a gimmick as the parabolic "The Farmers Hotel"? And so on and on and on. The *uncontroversial* item here is that Journalist O'Hara knows the value of literary controversy.

—*Phyllis Cerf.*

John O'Hara—"celebrated eye, ear."

Double Lives

"The Sailor, Sense of Humour, and Other Stories," by V. S. Pritchett *(Alfred A. Knopf. 369 pp. $4.50), contains twenty-five stories written over the past quarter of a century by one of the most skilful practitioners of the short fictional form.*

By William Peden

V. S. PRITCHETT occupies a position of well-merited importance among contemporary British men of letters. Now, in his middle fifties, he has selected twenty-five short stories from the considerable number he has produced during the past quarter of a century. His just-published collection, "The Sailor, Sense of Humour, and Other Stories," is one of singular merit which, in spite of Mr. Pritchett's inclusion of one or two tours de force of questionable merit, should become part of the permanent literature of the short story in English.

The strength of these stories lies in deft and often masterly character revelation. In a brief and illuminating preface, Mr. Pritchett comments that "the drama, the event, the plot, is the person; and the more fantastic, the more certain to be true." His stories are concerned with the "double lives" of his characters. He is preoccupied, at times almost obsessed, with the duality of the individual. It is hardly exaggeration to suggest that his work constitutes in effect an anatomy of schizophrenia.

Characteristic is "The Sailor," a delicately balanced and fully orchestrated story of three distraught and badly muddled individuals: a one-time English sailor with a penchant for

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getting lost, an alcoholic young woman known as the "colonel's daughter," and a withdrawn and ambivalent intellectual. Each in his own way is a sick person, the intellectual perhaps the most of all. Only gradually does he become aware of the schizoid nature of the sailor, but he never achieves the kind of self-awareness of the "colonel's daughter." All of them hover between two different worlds. They can live successfully, fully, in neither. All of them, as the "colonel's daughter" comments, are "on the dole," although only she will admit it.

As a socio-literary commentator of considerable authority and influence, Mr. Pritchett has often viewed with alarm the apparent decay of the British middle class. His stories reflect constantly both this alarm and this decay. Few of his characters are as brutalized as the gin-gulping Margaret of "Things As They Are" ("Envy, wrong, accusation were her life"). Most of them, however, are close kin to the married couple of the very moving "Handsome Is As Handsome Does" — they are "helpless, halted, tangled people, outcasts in everything they did."

Like Dickens and many of his literary descendants, Mr. Pritchett effectively employs physical abnormalities or grotesqueries to suggest the inner nature of his people: one has a "hump on one shoulder and the head of a lion," another "caterpillar eyebrows" and a "monkey's forehead," still another a "raw, bleeding" look and the "frantic, yelping disorganized expression of a copulating dog." These actors in Mr. Pritchett's human comedy, like the "grotesques" of Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio," have confused one aspect of the truth with truth itself. Each has called this *his* truth, and has tried to live his life by it. But what he has embraced is falsehood, and he has become a "grotesque," a misfit, an individual who, if not a complete failure, can never make the grade.

For some years Mr. Pritchett, whose significance as a professional novelist falls somewhat short of that of his critical analyses of the genre, has suggested that the novel in England is dying. The short story, he believes, is the more natural form of story-telling for our "nervous" and "reckless" age, overwhelmed as it is by the "enormous experience" of recent years. The very palpable achievement of Mr. Pritchett's short stories lends credence to his thesis. It seems increasingly evident that future literary historians will recognize the "quickly moving, epigrammatic, allusive habit" of the short story as the major literary contribution of this generation.

Love on Song Island

"The Sound of Waves," by Yukio Mishima *(translated by Meredith Weatherby. Alfred A. Knopf. 183 pp. $3), is a romance about a couple who make their livelihood from the sea, the work of the most highly esteemed of the younger Japanese writers.*

By Faubion Bowers

YUKIO MISHIMA is the most famous of Japan's younger writers. Although only thirty, he has established an unquestioned position for himself within the literary scene, and he is, I suspect, for this reason the despair of a number of elder, more conventional writers in Japan. Mishima is in many ways one of these once-in-a-generation phenomena. Not only is he gifted, intelligent, artful, capable, and, most important of all, in full contact with the world and the people around him, but he has a mysterious golden touch. Whatever he tries his hand at seems destined for success—almost as if by magic. Ever since the publication of his first novel in 1948, that dreary first year of the Occupation, he has been hailed, praised, and petted as a darling both of the literati and of the public at large. He has not rested content. He has also turned his hand to plays—modern ones about sophisticated people of the same high-level social background as himself, and classical-style Kabuki dramas in which the best of the modern-day actors star with pride. A Mishima play in Tokyo means a packed house; a Mishima novel is synonymous with a sure-fire best-seller.

In "The Sound of Waves," just published in a skilful translation by Meredith Weatherby (who is one of the most sensitively expert of translators working in Japan today), the secret of Mishima's magic has been found and most successfully carried over into English. The cast of characters of this novel is drawn from a segment of Japanese society of a rather special sort. They are fishermen who hunt octopi, who seine and trawl, who live on the beach, shining and bright and burned by the sun. They are also fisherwomen who dive for pearls or abalone and who pray for their husbands, sons, and lovers while they are out to sea. All of them live on a tiny island—Song Island—whose coast line is just under three miles and whose total population is around 1,400 people. Within this narrow scale—as small and as dynamic as a painted *kakemono* scroll—Mishima takes a virile fisher boy and a sturdy diving woman and amid silences, unvoiced looks and thoughts, accidental touches, and chance meetings he weaves a love story.

The book and its incidents are deeply Japanese—in places quite classically conventional—and its situations are provincial and regional at every turn. But out of this typicalness comes its common denominator with the West. The claim of the jacket that the book is already considered in Japan as "one of the world's great love stories" certainly exaggerates, but still, with scenario-like pictures, with implication and indirection, Mishima manages to create out of the two simple lovers a universal couple as appreciable and understandable by the West as by the East. The scene in the caves, where the innocent boy (he is better at communicating with the sea than with other human beings) is caught in the rain and drenched to the skin and is finally made to remove his clothes by the equally innocent girl, is one of the finest moments of modern Japanese writing.

THE charm which glows throughout "The Sound of Waves" is so manifest that I find myself astonished at the length of time—three years in all—

(*Continued on page* 38)

—Y. *Hayata.*

Yukio Mishima—"golden touch."

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Ten Hurtling Years

"The Crucial Decade," by Eric F. Goldman *(Alfred A. Knopf. 298 pp. $4), is a history of the United States from the mid-Forties to the mid-Fifties. Quincy Howe, who reviews it, is a commentator for the American Broadcasting System and the author of a multi-volume history of our century.*

By Quincy Howe

ERIC GOLDMAN has continued in "The Crucial Decade" the running history of contemporary America that Frederick Lewis Allen started in "Only Yesterday" and "Since Yesterday"—with this difference. Mr. Allen's history of the 1920s did not appear until two years after the Wall Street crash; "The Crucial Decade" appears only a year after the summit meeting at Geneva. The history of our century and our country has confirmed the prediction of Henry Adams and moves at accelerating speed: Mr. Goldman's one volume deals with more momentous happenings than Mr. Allen's two. But the Wall Street crash and the German invasion of Poland ended two distinctive [recent] decades with two sharp bangs. Since the end of World War II the chain reactions of successive atomic and nuclear explosions have demolished the time-partitions into which it was possible to divide the decades that separated the last two world wars. And the shock of the Depression imparted to the memory of the 1920s some of the nostalgia that the shock of World War II imparted, in its turn, to the 1930s.

Mr. Goldman's review of the decade between the mid-Forties and the mid-Fifties makes no deliberate attempt to summon up remembrance of things past. But he now sees in those years a shape and a hope that were not so clear to him when he completed, in 1952, his history of almost a century of American reform, "Rendezvous with Destiny." There he challenged some of the assumptions that most Americans who called themselves liberals had accepted, without abandoning or compromising the philosophy that underlies these assumptions. And his closing words expressed a belief that runs through his new book, a belief in "the credo that any individual's rendezvous with his destiny is his rendezvous with a better tomorrow." But he was able to reach that reassuring conclusion only by describing the Fifties as one of those rare periods when "mankind is hurtling through a process that recurs not in centuries but in millenniums."

As the Eisenhower Administration entered its fourth year Mr. Goldman revised some of his gloomier forebodings concerning America's immediate future. This May he was finding it "a moving experience to watch at close hand a nation of stirring traditions, caught off guard and sloughed down in shortsightedness and meanness, begin to pull itself together and move along a path that could mean further greatness." In "Rendezvous with Destiny" Truman's surprise victory over Dewey seemed to Mr. Goldman the turning-point in our first decade since World War II. Now he is more inclined to stress the Democratic victory in the 1954 Congressional elections, in view of the miseries that counterbalanced the grandeurs of the Truman Administrations. It took time for both Truman and Eisenhower to grow into their White House responsibilities. And no sooner did President Eisenhower find himself than two severe illnesses struck him down. But with those tragedies this book does not deal.

THE Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan with which the United States met the Soviet military and political threats to Europe brought the first Truman Administration to maturity. The Communist conquest of China did much to undermine the second. President Truman's decision to stand and fight in Korea probably saved Japan and Southeast Asia from quick Communist conquest. But the trials of Alger Hiss, the MacArthur controversy, and the rise of Senator McCarthy put the second Truman Administration on the defensive. These miseries had their origins in the successes that Chinese and Russian Communists had won abroad. And there was little grandeur for the Americans who fought and died in Korea. The Republicans returned to power when General Eisenhower promised to go to Korea and bring back peace. He kept that promise and, with more help from Democrats than Republicans, continued along the middle of the same road Truman traveled a few inches further to the left. But Ike's platitudes have proved as ineffective as the elaborate and specific blueprints drawn up by Truman.

Eric Goldman enlivens his story and illuminates his comments with a brilliant, far-ranging assortment of pithy quotations from big and little people. It is a delight to read a historian who has so obviously done his own research, with an eye for the apt sayings of others and an ear for telling phrases of his own. His facts and logic constitute a permanent contribution to the history of our time. Opinions about his conclusions will change as events may dictate and taste determine. This reviewer would have preferred a still more ironic humor and a slightly more caustic judgment, not so much because his own tastes run in that direction as because he suspects that Mr. Goldman's do, too

'Come—Let's See How Clever You Are."

"It's Nothing Money Won't Cure!"

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The Battle for the Proxies

"Fight for Control," by David Karr *(Ballantine Books. 192 pp. Cloth-bound, $3. Paperbound, 35¢), is a journalistic account of nine proxy battles for domination of large corporations. Our reviewer is John S. Gambs, professor of economics at Hamilton College.*

By John S. Gambs

THE modern American corporation is a fantastic creation, owned by tens of thousands who do not control it and controlled by a very few who do not own it. Its structure is such that venturesome outsiders may seize control by persuading the owners, who do have the precious right of the ballot, to throw out the managers and to install a new slate of officers. Sometimes the outsiders are looting buccaneers; sometimes they are the representatives of dissatisfied stockholders; sometimes they are a little of both. The crux of such a financial coup d'état is the proxy battle; this is the struggle to win the votes of stockholders. These battles of the business world resemble elections in the sphere of politics. Ugly weapons are sometimes used: defamation, lies, appeals to religious and racial intolerance.

"Fight for Control," by David Karr, tells the story of nine proxy battles, most of them big ones recently in the headlines. Montgomery Ward and Wolfson are here, and New York Central and Robert Young, who deplored the fact that hogs but not humans could get past Chicago without changing trains. Twentieth Century-Fox is included, and Decca, as well as the older Bank of America fight under A. P. Giannini.

Mr. Karr tells his stories in lively, journalistic style. He is able to avoid those impossibly knotted tangles that often make tales of high finance so hard to understand. He writes interestingly about people. You feel the pathos of the ancient Sewell Avery, who apparently a little deafened and befuddled by the clamor of stockholders at a crucial meeting was unable to reply to questions. Charles Green first appears as a tough though unsophisticated fellow, but develops under our eyes into something like a polished statesman of business. We see corporation officials living at corporation expense in apartments that rent at $18,000 a year, and we are set to dreaming about how nice it must feel to be able to do that on a salary of $100,000, plus stock options, pension, expense accounts. Serge Rubinstein appears conspiratorially in these pages—which is not surprising; Jean Monnet of the European steel-and-coal authority and General James Van Fleet also appear. We get a glimpse of the diminutive, polo-playing Darryl F. Zanuck "in riding breeches in his emperor-sized office, slashing away at the air with his mallet." Spyros Skouras of Twentieth Century-Fox plans grand strategy with his advisers in an office next to an oriental bath; they sit or lie about in the nude, their speech punctuated by the slap, slap of masseurs and the hiss of steam.

The book is interesting and amusing but it lacks depth. Its tone and sometimes its language are those of radio's prize-fight sportcasters. Mr. Karr has set for himself the limited objective of describing impartially nine proxy battles. Because they vary only in detail and personalities the book becomes a little monotonous—like watching too many fights on TV. The public interest is completely ignored. Mr. Karr does depart from narrative to venture one broad generalization: that rich but overly conservative corporations with a miserly dividends policy are the ones most likely to be marked for a proxy battle.

There is no indignation, as in similar books—Max Lowenthal's "The Investor Pays," for example—no thoughtful concern with the public interest—as in the writings of A. A. Berle on the corporation. Yet the author suggests much to get indignant about and touches from a distance many matters that relate to the public interest. No real light is thrown on the difference between pure buccaneering and a legitimate stockholders' revolt against a grafting and incompetent management. Are these explosive, expensive and demoralizing coups d'état the only tool we have to replace managers who have gone to sleep on the job? Are there no techniques by means of which stockholders can share continuously, democratically, and peacefully in important decisions? What shall we say of the nationally-known family magazine that took sides in one of these fights, and in a most timely article described the insurgents' case with doubtful accuracy? What about cumulative voting? That issue is now before Congress. In the book it is mentioned and left dangling.

MR. KARR has told his nine stories very well. But he knows too much about his subject to ignore the community's stake in corporation shenanigans. One may hope that next time he will look upon himself as something more than a good sportscaster.

"You said you'd ruin me, Featherson. How far do you intend to go?"

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Our Most Melodic Poet

—Walter R. Fleischer.
Richard Wilbur—"enormous gifts."

"Things of This World," by Richard Wilbur *(Harcourt, Brace. 64 pp. $3),* ***"Molière's 'The Misanthrope'," translated by Richard Wilbur*** *(Harcourt, Brace. 152 pp. $5), and* ***"A Bestiary," compiled by Richard Wilbur, illustrated by Alexander Calder*** *(Pantheon Books. 80 pp. $18), all published within the space of a few months, provide John Ciardi with an occasion to make an interim appraisal of one of the most interesting contemporary poets.*

By John Ciardi

THESE have been busy times for Richard Wilbur. Within a month or two of one another he has just published a new translation of "The Misanthrope," a bestiary anthology, and a new book of poems. An unusual burst of energy surely, and certainly occasion enough for some sort of interim evaluation of one of our most interesting poets of what Don Hall once called "The Before-Second-Chin School."

Wilbur's first book, "The Beautiful Changes" (1947), marked him immediately as something special. A trace of indebtedness to Yeats and a clear line of descent from Marianne Moore were visible as signs that his talent was still emergent, but of the existence of that talent there could be no doubt. The poems, richly worded and strictly formal, nevertheless moved within their strictures with an ease and assurance that marked Wilbur as the possessor of as fine an ear for the smooth-flowing line and the self-rounding stanza rhythm as could be claimed by any man now writing in English. He had, moreover, achieved a metaphoric sense undeniably his own. Consider for example this description of a ballet dancer fresh from the formal perfections of her dance and now slumped into the shapelessness of human fatigue:

> So she will turn and walk through metal halls
> To where some ancient woman will unmesh
> Her small strict shape, and yawns will turn her face
> Into a little wilderness of flesh.

And rich as are the immediate physical sensations of such a description, it is the nature of Wilbur's talent that these physical punctualities are precisely *that which is thought with.* As William Carlos Williams once cried: "No ideas but in things." The true mark of the poet is that his "things" are ideas and his ideas things. The passage is not only a description of a particular tired dancer, but of the boundary between life and artifice, a boundary crossed and recrossed in Wilbur's poems, always with the central driving intention of finding that artifice which will most include the most of life. For Wilbur is a poet at mortal play, an artificer. Even the title of his first book ("changes" must be read both as a noun and as a verb) attest how carefully he plans his double meanings.

This theme of artifice—I am tempted almost to call it the theology and humanism of artifice—rose free of the earlier indebtednesses and emerged deepened and enriched in "Ceremony and Other Poems" (1950). And here, too, it became apparent both immediately and by hindsight that Wilbur was emerging as a master of a subtle, urbane, and self-convincing diction that was peculiarly his own, the mark of his own way of seeing and saying. No one example will characterize a good poet's diction, but consider these first two lines from a poem called "Year's-End":

> Now winter downs the dying of the year,
> And night is all a settlement of snow.

"Settlement" is the fascinating word here. "Descent" is, of course, the obvious first meaning. But a "settlement" is also a colonization, a "taking possession of"; and it is also the resolution of a dispute, a "quietus." Several other functional meanings are also adducible, but these will do. Even more remarkably, it would be simple to show in a detailed analysis of the poem that all of these happily concurring ambiguities are not only clearly intended but that they establish the very structure and development of the poem. A musical analogy will illustrate: it is as if "settlement" were the first, most condensed statement of the themes which expand and interact to become the structure of meaning. More specifically, the themes we may label "descent," "taking possession of," and "dispute-and-resolution" are the three interplays that give the poem its structure and its performance of a meaning. Perhaps "Ceremony" was kept more charming than ultimately persuasive by a kind of near-frivolous exuberance in playing what Wilbur calls "games," but no capable reader could miss the authenticity and richness of Wilbur's gift.

NOW with "Things of This World" his enormous gifts grown into their mature assurance, Wilbur certainly emerges as our serenest, urbanest, and most melodic poet. To say Wilbur has matured is not to imply that he will not accomplish finer things yet, and I would suggest for instance that in his search for a serene diction he might place less reliance on such adjectives as "clear," "pure," "calm," and "graceful." It is exactly the qualities labeled by these adjectives that best describe the best Wilbur poems, but it is very much to the point, I believe, that in those best poems the clarity, purity, calm, and grace emerge thing-wise and self-living, not by adjectival assertion. Minor qualifications aside (and Wilbur's successes would sustain far greater flaws than these) there is a kind of unmistakable inevitability in a typical Wilbur passage. There is nothing flashy about; in fact, Wilbur makes it look so easy that one might almost overlook how good it really is. Consider these lines for example, a passage following a reference to children at play:

> Above their heads the maples with a stiff
> Compliance entertain the air
> In abrupt gusts, losing the look of trees

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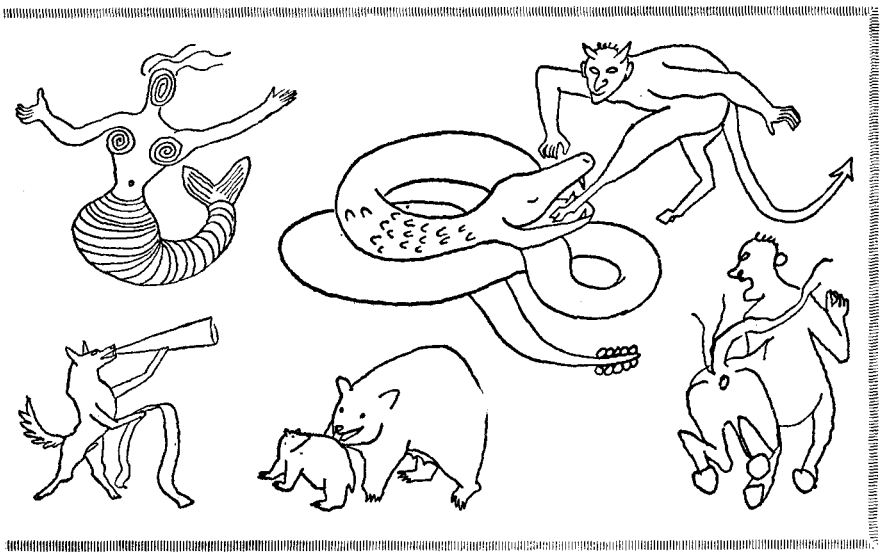
In rushed and cloudy metamorphoses,
Their shadows all a brilliant disrepair.

The self-rounding of the total stanza rhythm is one Wilbur signature. The quality of the metaphor, physically suggestive yet alive with idea, is another. So are the play and paradox of 'stiff compliance." And there is a fourth, to me even more impressive quality, and that is exactly the one most readers would most likely overlook, and that is the Latin root-sense that shines through so much of Wilbur's diction. "Compliance" means in current usage "to yield to" but at root it means either (the derivation may be disputed either way) "to fold up" or "to be filled up with." And whether one hears the root as *plicare* or *plere* the root does function. So, even more clearly in "entertain" (from the roots *inter* and *tenir,* "to hold between"). The aptness of those root suggestions when applied to windblown trees and when juxtaposed to "stiff" (itself—and this joyously derived from Latin *stipes* meaning "a tree trunk or vegetable stalk") will illustrate how richly Wilbur works his diction in depth. One may slide over the surfaces paying no attention to these riches and find reward enough. Wilbur certainly is not the man to slug the reader into noticing his excellences. But they are there to be found. Nor is there any more valuable function the poet can perform than to reawaken the root sense of the language, to keep it a living instrument in the mouth of his people. As Valéry (I believe it was he) put it: To purify the language of his tribe."

TO THESE gifts one must now add Wilbur's attainments as a translator. This is not an occasion for a line-by-line comparison of the French and English texts, and since Wilbur has not intended a word-for-word translation such a comparison is not immediately apt. Rather, Wilbur has gone for what Dudley Fitts called "faithfulness" as distinguished from "strictness." Instead of cognate-snapping, as the academic dullards invariably do, Wilbur has found English equivalents for the turn and nuance of the French, and the fact that he has managed to do so in rhymed couplets that not only respect themselves as English poetry but that allow the play to be staged (as it has been by the Poets' Theatre of Cambridge) with great success is testament enough. Wilbur has brought "The Misanthrope" alive into English. Now let us hope that the publishers will allow it to be anthologized or reprinted in a cheap edition.

There are also to consider Wilbur's stunning translations of lyrics by Baudelaire, Valéry, Jammes, and Philippe de Thaun, the last two of which are included in both "Things of This World" and "A Bestiary." Let his good fairy be left to say how he does it, but Wilbur has managed to take four sweetly tuned lyrics and to convey them, despite a heavy freight of rhyme, into English lyrics as sweetly tuned as the originals in a serene and urbane act of imagination and devotion. A rare miracle, Wilbur has caught it four times in these renderings.

Finally, of "A Bestiary" there is little enough to say. Wilbur has played a happy game of hunting out poems and prose passages dealing with animals and has caught nicely the flavor, perhaps one should say the "mystique," of the medieval bestiary, and Alexander Calder has contributed some of his zany but accomplished line drawings which would have struck me as much zanier and much more accomplished had they been less indebted to James Thurber.



—By Alexander Calder from "The Bestiary."

Faraway Childhood

"Eloges and Other Poems," by St.-John Perse *(translated by Louise Varèse. Pantheon Books. 103 pp. $2), is a collection of newly revised translations of the work of a contemporary French poet who writes evocatively of his formative years in an exotic clime.*

By Wallace Fowlie

ALEXIS LEGER has used, since 1925, the name St.-John Perse. He was born on a coral island near Guadaloupe, Saint-Léger-les-Feuilles, which belonged to his father's family. His early years were spent there and on Guadaloupe itself, where his mother's family owned plantations. "Eloges" are poems evocative of a childhood spent in the midst of exotic vegetation. The vision of the sea dominates this childhood, with its memories of cyclones, plantations, volcanoes, tidal waves.

In these early poems, which have gone through several editions in France and which Mrs. Varèse reprints in the Bollingen Series with her newly revised translations, the poet observes the world and spells it out as it comes to him in his meditations. His speech is rhythm and concrete words. He enumerates all parts of the familiar world surrounding man: animals and plants and the elements, and he does not hesitate to use technical terms. The poem, in "Eloges" as well as in the series of long poems which St.-John Perse has written in this country during the past fifteen years, is a ceremonial, involving all the diverse activities of man, and stating them in successive gestures.

Louise Varèse has admirably served the French poet in her translations of "Eloges." She is meticulously accurate in her treatment of difficult texts, and she is sensitive to the varying "tones" of the pieces. The album is a synthesis of many themes and pictures and presentiments. The group "Pictures for Crusoe," written in 1904, are landscapes offered to the hero who finds himself once again in a city. The six poems of 1907, "To Celebrate a Childhood," speak of the poet's family and ancestors and the luxuriant beauty of the plantations.

Proust's character Céleste refers to a copy of "Eloges" which she finds in the narrator's apartment. She is mystified by the poems and calls them "puzzles." During the last three or four years these "Eloges" (or *devin-*

(*Continued on page 27*)

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The Novelist's Dilemma

THE problem confronting the creative writer or critic today is whether it is possible to establish a literature which will endure beyond this generation. In fiction the novels written in a mood of hysteria are rapidly lost to sight and memory. There were several excellent war novels published shortly after 1945, but who reads them now? "There is small chance in our fickle air," Van Wyck Brooks writes, "for the hope of a durable fame that has always been thought a legitimate spur of writers, for we throw away our riches like a drunken sailor." He quotes Woodberry, who lamented long ago in 1881, "Among us literature has no continuous tradition; where the torch fell it was extinguished." He was writing of a time when the country appeared to be secure in splendid isolation and tranquil, with the exception of increasing labor troubles and the rise of uninhibited and untaxed tycoons. There was no one with a sustained capacity for indignation until Dreiser wrote "Sister Carrie" in 1900 and "The Titan" a decade later. The novelists of the Twenties left their mark and freed us from the domination of British writers, though it is doubtful if Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Dos Passos, or F. Scott Fitzgerald, etc., will find readers today or tomorrow. However, they gave proof to Europeans of the versatility and novelty of American fiction, and at least two of our contemporary writers will be remembered long beyond this decade.

What have we now to look forward to except a succession of writers whose first or second novels ring all the bells? What has happened to the men whose war novels climbed to the top of the best-seller lists and then fell down the ladder, or to the young writers who followed Jean-Paul Sartre's confusing and gloomy philosophy and presented us with an almost unrecognizable landscape and sordid characters? James Jones, who produced his long and immensely successful novel "From Here to Eternity," based on the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, is a case in point. He had developed a theory on how to create literature through strict discipline.

A small colony of young writers working and living like medieval monks has been maintained by Mrs. Lowney Handy, his former benefactor and advisor, in Marshall, Illinois. A young neophyte, David Ray, has written an amusing account of his incarceration there, published in the winter edition of *Chicago Review*. "We were committed to the colony as to a monastery or a prison. . . . The lights were turned out at nine o'clock, after which no reading or noise was allowed. There was absolutely no variation in this schedule or any way to distinguish one day from another. . . ."

Nevertheless, the conception of a colony of novelists wholeheartedly devoted to a single aim is at least an approach to a problem which has become almost insoluble, and that is the loneliness of creative writers, whether they are poets, short-story writers, or novelists. It is no wonder that they have fled to Paris or Rome, though the creation of a national literature can hardly be developed by fugitives from their own country. The themes chosen by a few of our most successful first novelists are drawn from their own experiences: James Jones's "From Here to Eternity," Herman Wouk's "The Caine Mutiny," Cameron Hawley's "Cash McCall," and Willi Brinkley's "Don't Go Near the Wate It is worth noting that money or v is the subject of these prodigiou profitable ventures. Only a few writ become wealthy by following the ti dition of poverty, depravity, and se ual misdemeanor, stock-in-trade novelists in the Thirties and Forti

ANOTHER major theme for ficti outside of the still-immortal frontie man and cowboy, which vanished se eral years ago, is a specific region. T Depression and World War II ha scattered our population across t country. Though he may recall l childhood experiences in his natal st the novelist may spend his adult l a thousand years or more away. It literally true a vast number of Ame icans do not know where their gran fathers were buried or the names more remote ancestors. The once-po ular farm novel in which the he endured back-breaking labor in t fields and the bitter cold of wint nights has almost disappeared fro sight or memory. In one of Elizabe Bowen's recent addresses to an En lish audience she said that regionalis whether local or national cannot co tinue as an inspiration for write "Now is the time to strike out," sl advised, "to establish at any price new, vital outside communicatio Virtually, it seems, the writer mu cease to honor his mother and fathe This crisis, in which the demands two opposed kinds of virtue come in conflict, is the crux of the sensiti writer's career."

It is obvious that the novel as form of literary art only two and half centuries old, barring "Don Quix ote" in 1615, will not waste away an die, though it will undoubtedly declir in significance during the next fe decades. To maintain it at its prese level it will be necessary to find mo universal themes, depend less on th writer's own adventures in life, and t restore, in some manner, the almost vanished hero. Reginald L. Cook in *Saturday Review* essay on this sub ject three months ago wrote that "tc day the status of the hero has bee so greatly lowered that it is possibl to describe our time as the age of th vanished hero. . . . The framework c society was staunch and the values un disputed. There must be a struggle c the protagonist with daily life in whic at a certain point he finds he is in fringing on established laws." He ask "Where are the pre-established law today, where are the certainties, wher are the absolutes?"

Echo answers "Where?" It will b up to the future novelist to discover o create them if his craft is to have certain future. —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

'AMPS FOR GANDHIDHAM

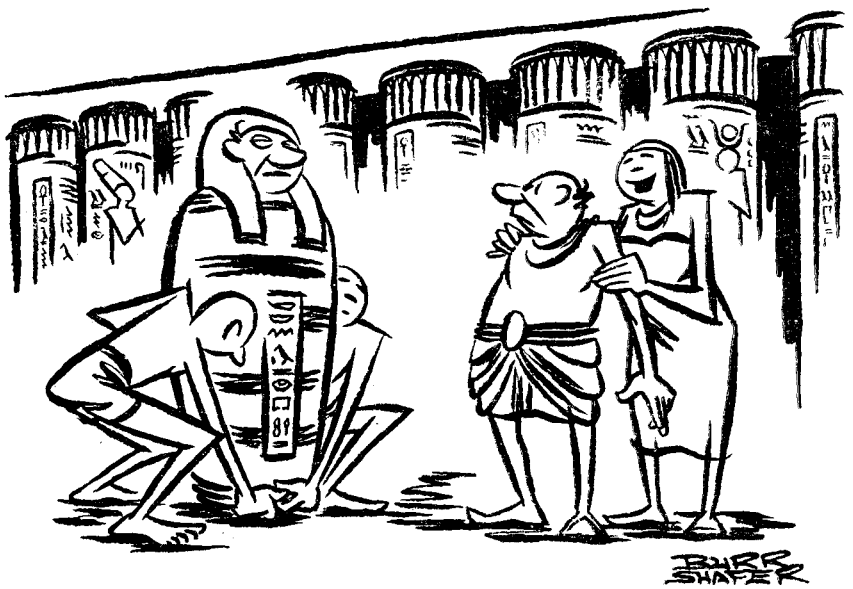
HIS NEW TOWNSHIP of Gandhidham as ou know has the blessings of Mahatma andhi and is named after him. It is yet the making. It is being built for suffer- g humanity from Western Pakistan in der to rehabilitate the refugees. A ajor port is also in the making where odern facilities for loading and unload- g shipping cargo will be provided. In me to come it is going to rise to the vel of one of the big cities of the Indian nion.

I have a number of friends all round ho send me from time to time used amps. The sale proceeds of the stamps received is used for the benefit of the or school-going children by getting em books, etc., and for clothing the edy.

It is earnestly hoped you will take a ry lenient view of my request and ex- nd your helping hand for the cause.

MISS M. S. ROMA.

andhidham, P. O. Adipur, Kutch-India



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Happy birthday sweetheart—I bought you a mummy case."

IDE SPREAD

SUPPOSE A purely literary magazine ould have too little mass appeal to be le to stay in business. So there is prob- ly little point in my complaining that e *Saturday Review* is spreading wider d still more widely.

But I do think it is being carried to tremes. Art, movies, television, travel, ience, . . . there is a danger of becoming grab-bag and not appealing *enough* to yone.

And in the process we lose more and ore of the literary features. No one rites an article about some older but ill germinal book which may need re- lling to a generation that has forgotten (Generations nowadays are ten years ng!) No one reviews the new paper- cks as they come out—yet in many ses they are the only way in which e can still buy those older germinal oks, *now long since out of print in* rd covers.

F. WARREN MORRIS.

inston-Salem, N. C.

X AND LOVE

HE EDITOR'S NOTE clarifying Mr. Alpert's atement is correct [*SR* June 23]. Ro- rta Saunder's attempt to make a distinc- on between love and sex in terms of e English language leads her to an roneous conception. The word "love" r let me say the verb "to love") is de- ved from the German verb *lieben*. Orig- ally the verb was spelled *l-e-i-b-e-n*, hich in English is *bodying* the contact the bodies sexually. It had no sig- ficance primitively of the male urge r "self-preservation or propagation of e species." Sex (love) or bodying of the xes is natural to all creatures except the unicellular ones. And if God had the genial idea of a social development He did better than Robert Ingersoll gave Him credit for.

I incline to think that the Romans invented a term to contradict the brutal Teutons of antiquity. They lived for the flesh and when "bodying" was no longer effective they changed partners, simply because the thing did not last and was of little value.

The Romans believed that the union of the sexes developed a spiritual tie that never can be dissolved. They called it "a-mor," a combination of the Greek *a* (not) *mor* (death). The spirit of the union held in memory the beauty and different build of the female, and this kept alive even in old age the memory of female beauty. The English took the thought from the Romans—as they later took words and phrases from the Normans.

So while the stage can readily portray the spirit of love, admiration, and constancy, the stage could not possibly portray "bodying" to public view. My late friend Dr. Max Nordau made it very clear in his books "The Lies of our Civilization."

ADOLPHE DE CASTRO.

HOBBLED BY CENSORSHIP

HOLLIS ALPERT'S piece on sex in Hollywood seems to have received little endorsement from the readership, to judge by the printed reactions. Well, here's one who thoroughly approves—incidentally up to now whenever I've got impatient with *SR* because of the tepidity of the lead articles along comes one like Alpert's to liven things up. In any case it seems to me incontrovertible that too often, instead of taking sex (and love, to be sure) *from* life, Hollywood takes all the life out of it. When movie after movie appears treating so fundamental a subject with the same wooden propriety, even TV plays begin to look pretty good. (Some of them in fact show a welcome freshness in the handling of 'delicate' themes, *viz.* one by Laura Hobson treating of a father's overpossessive love for his daughter, presented two or three years ago, which had at least the virtue of clearly stating its case . . . .)

It's unfortunate that the many talented Hollywood people particularly in the writing and directing fields are hobbled by the ancient drag of censorship and I also wholeheartedly hope the time will come when all the themes listed toward the end of the article will be given the full frank treatment they deserve. But that will probably have to wait for the millennium.

H. BRIED.

Kentfield, Calif.

ONLY NINE?

TIFFANY THAYER is not such a much if he "made nine corrections [only] in the Encyclopedia Britannica" (*SR* June 9). Motion-picture director, producer, actor, writer Jason Lindsey made a careful study of the Britannica, read all twenty-three volumes, and made several *hundred corrections which were accepted by* the editors for use in future printings of the Britannica.

ARLINE SULLIVAN.

North Hollywood, Calif

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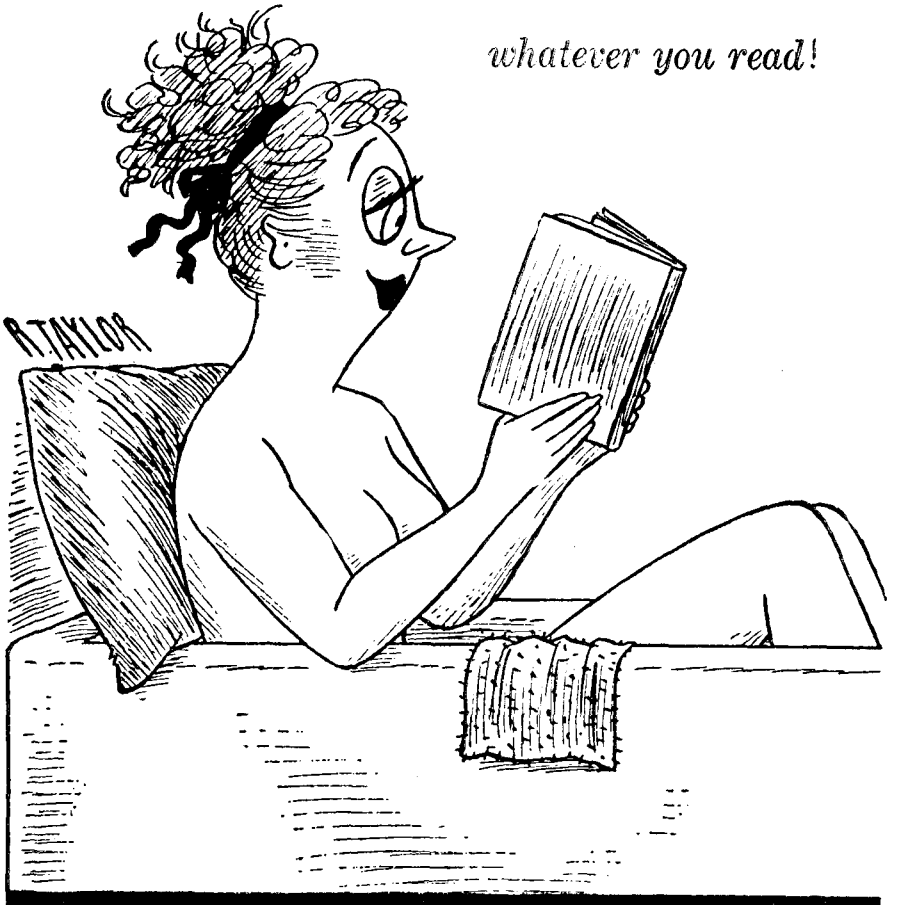

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—From the book.

"Youth Holding a Book"—"solitary genius out of his time."

He Painted the Human Soul

"Lorenzo Lotto," by Bernard Berenson *(Phaidon Press. 447 pp. $15), is a full revision of a classic monographic study of the great sixteenth-century Italian painter. Our reviewer, S. Lane Faisan, is chairman of the art department at Williams College.*

By S. Lane Faisan

THE unusual art and equally singular life of Lorenzo Lotto first attracted the attention of Bernard Berenson more than sixty years ago. The monograph he wrote on this sixteenth-century Italian painter in 1895, always considered a model of its kind, has been fully revised to incorporate what Berenson and other scholars have added to our knowledge of Lotto in the intervening decades. This newer research was brought to focus in the great Lotto exhibition of 1953 in Venice, and it was this exhibition which moved Berenson to bring up to date his brilliant early "essay," as he called it, "in constructive criticism."

That such a work of revision comes from a man now over ninety is no more and no less surprising than the very late work of Titian, whose career Berenson's own career begins to resemble in scope, in influence, and in complexity. Temperamentally, as Berenson clearly explains, Titian (1477-1576) was at the opposite pole from Lotto (1480-1556), his lesser rival; but temperamentally Berenson has always felt more akin to Lotto than to Titian. If Titian was typical, painting people with the look of rank and circumstance, Lotto was personal and psychological. Berenson calls him "the first Italian painter who was sensitive to the varying states of the human soul."

> Lotto [he continues] is one of the very few artists who embodies in his works a state of feeling in Italy which contained the promise of finer and higher civilization, of a more personally responsible moral life and a more earnest religion. As these promises were never realized Lotto at times seems more like a precursor of the Counter Reformation but, at all events, he is there, witness to an attitude of mind in Italy which, though not dominant, could have been by no means rare. For the dominant tendencies of an epoch are never so predominant as to give a complete idea of it. To know the sixteenth century well it is almost as important to study Lotto as Titian. Titian only embodies in art-forms what we already know about the ripe Renaissance, but Lotto supplements and even modifies our idea of this period.

WE NEED not agree that "never did it happen, before or after Lotto, that a painter should have brought out on the face of his sitter so much of his inner life." We may be sure, however, that Berenson means what he says, and that he would yield neither to El Greco nor Van Gogh in arguing for this claim. All of which suggests that Berenson's greatest achievement—to have recreated the Renaissance in his own life and work—produces its own limitations. Thus his lifelong castigation of contemporary art. I had hoped that the following passage in the concluding chapter marked some relaxation of tension in this respect: ". . . even if modern art were not educating us, as it is, to appreciate the technical merit of works like Lotto's. . . ." Perhaps unfortunately, I played a hunch and consulted the original edition, to find that this passage was written in 1895; not, as it would seem, in 1956.

In form the present volume is similar to the earlier one except for the magnificent corpus of nearly 400 plates. The text is hard to read because, as before, all the scholarly references and the detailed descriptions are thrown into it. In the introduction, however, Berenson warns the reader that such will be his procedure and suggests that the non-specialist turn to the general estimate in his last chapter. This is a marvelously wise and accomplished piece of writing. One could easily hail it as the product of old age; but the fact is that Berenson wrote it when he was thirty.

If, as seems likely, Lotto continues to emerge as a solitary genius out of his time, like El Greco and Blake, and so attracts our own time we shall have Berenson to thank for writing the first book about him, and still the best one.

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The Agonies of an Artist

"Diaries and Letters of Kaethe Kollwitz," edited by Hans Kollwitz *(translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Henry Regnery. 200 pp. 48 plates. $7.50), reveals the intimate thoughts and feelings of a great German painter, lithographer, and etcher. Carl Zigrosser, curator of prints and drawings at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, is our reviewer.*

By Carl Zigrosser

KAETHE KOLLWITZ, the great and gifted German painter, lithographer, and etcher who died in 1945 in her sixty-eighth year, was perhaps best known in this country for her lithographs, a medium in which she gave powerful expression to the tragedy of poverty and the grief of war, often in single figures or mother-and-child groups. There is a growing body of literature in English on her, to which the lately published "Diaries and Letters of Kaethe Kollwitz," edited by her son Hans Kollwitz, is a welcome addition; indeed, it will become a primary source for any further study of the artist and her work.

The American edition, based on the first German edition of 1948, consists of two autobiographical fragments, a series of extracts from her diaries covering the years 1909 to 1943, and quotations from letters chiefly to the family circle, as well as supplementary essays by her son and granddaughter. In a way it is unfortunate that the text was not based upon the revised second edition of 1952, in which the diaries and letters were merged into one, thus obviating a double chronological sequence. Included also are forty-eight full-page illustrations of prints, drawings, and sculpture, exactly as in the German edition of 1952.

What makes this work something more than just another art book is its human quality. It is not only a document of art but also a revelation of a woman's personality, a character with deep womanly instincts and acute psychological awareness—a veritable testament of the heart. In spite of her reticence, while living, about her personal life, her oft-repeated statement that her work as an artist alone should count, and her diffidence about her ability to write, she now stands revealed as an all-around human being with a surprising range of temperament and a decided gift for expressing it in words.

Perhaps the very intensity of her emotional responses gave her the secret of making her ideas significant and her words memorable. She lived through much of the ferment of feminism, social democracy, and revolution, responding to the challenges of Zola, Ibsen, Björnson, Nietzsche, Bebel, Hauptmann, and Gorki. It was indeed an exciting period. Above all, one is impressed by the closeness and depth of the bond between her husband and children and herself. Not that her married life was necessarily placid and uneventful. As her son says, her husband "had been by her side for forty-nine years. Sometimes they moved apart, sometimes she felt chained to him and rebelled against the fetters, as was inevitable with two people so fundamentally different; but still they were always very close." The present book is a noble tribute to the mutually rewarding relation between Kaethe Kollwitz and her son Hans; there is much evidence, too, in her diaries and letters, of the shattering effect that the loss of her son Peter in the First World War had upon her.

One is impressed also by the honesty of her self-analysis in the solitude of her diary. "Recently I began reading my old diaries. Back to before the war. Gradually I became very depressed. The reason for that is probably that I wrote only when there were obstacles and halts to the flow of life, seldom when everything was smooth and even. So there were at most brief notes when things went well with Hans [her son], but long pages when things were not on an even keel. And I wrote nothing when Karl and I felt that we belonged intimately to one another and made each other happy; but long pages when we did not harmonize. As I was reading I distinctly felt what a half-truth a diary presents. Certainly there was truth behind what I wrote; but I set down only one side of life, its hitches and harassments." The family letters to a certain extent counterbalance this negative aspect.

ON THE artistic side one can follow the slow and fluctuating development of the great war monument (inspired by her son Peter and by all youth lost in the war) from 1914 to its erection in 1932. Through it and many other notations we gain insight into the burdens and uncertainties of creation, the alternations of elation and despair, the paralyzing fears lest inspiration run dry, that are the lot of all creative artists. It is a very moving story—this

—From the book.

"Mother Protecting Her Children"—"a veritable testament of the heart."

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—*Phil Burchman.*

THE CUTE LITTLE TRICK shown above is, of course, Marilyn Monroe, about whom a book has at long last been published. The book's title is **"Will Acting Spoil Marilyn Monroe?"** (Doubleday, $2.95). Its contents, put to paper by *Saturday Evening Post*man Pete Martin, are largely conversations between the new Mrs. Arthur Miller and Hollywood characters who have worked with her in the films. To the book's publishers the question propounded in the title is highly rhetorical. "Will leaning spoil the Tower of Pisa?" they ask on the book's dust jacket. "Did hanging spoil the Gardens of Babylon? Is hanging good enough for anybody who'd ask such a question?"

Among *SR*'s readers there are undoubtedly some who would gladly take the affirmative as well as many who would gladly take the negative in any such debate. As a public service to supply fodder for informal discussion of the topic we reprint the following highly quotable Marilynisms:

On her early life: "I have had eleven or twelve sets of foster parents. . . . Some families kept me longer; others got tired of me in a short time. I must have made them nervous or something."

On herself as a cover girl: "One of the magazines I was on wasn't a man's magazine at all. It was called *Family Circle*. You buy it in supermarkets. I was holding a lamb with a pinafore. I was the one with the pinafore."

On money: "I don't care about money. I just want to be wonderful."

On her early movie career: "Most of what I did while I was at Fox that first time was pose for stills. Publicity made up a story about how I was a baby-sitter who'd been baby-sitting for the casting director. . . . You'd think they would have had me at least a daddy-sitter."

On separate bedrooms for married couples: "People say it's chic to have separate bedrooms. . . . With a separate bedroom deal if you think of something you want to say to the other one you have to go traipsing down the hall.... You may forget what you started out to say."

On acting: "No matter how much a person learns about being a better actress, a person isn't suddenly going to change and wear high-necked, long-sleeved dresses and dye her hair black."

On sex: "Sex is a part of nature and I go along with nature."

On American history: "If there's anything wrong with the way American men look at sex it's not their fault. After all, they're descended from Puritans, who got off the boat on the wrong foot—or was it the Pilgrims?"

revelation of an artist's intimate thoughts and feelings—and should take its place beside the memorable testaments of Delacroix, Gauguin, and Van Gogh.

LONDON'S TREASURES: In **"Art Treasures of the National Gallery, London"** ($15) the American art-book publisher Harry Abrams offers the fourth in his series of large-format albums of the great public collections. For the many people who travel these days this will serve as an excellent memento of things seen; it should prove equally useful for those whose limited time obliges them to approach the fine arts through generalizing books rather than through monographs or volumes of special interest. The volume is made up of one hundred fine color reproductions ranging from the thirteenth-century Italians to Cézanne (with emphasis on the old masters), the selections made by Sir Philip Hendy, director of the National Gallery. For each picture Sir Philip supplies a descriptive text printed on the same or the facing page. Each treats the subject, the artist, and his times; since the pictures are arranged by schools, more or less chronologically, the reader may take up the book at any point or follow it through as a connected study. Sir Philip has squeezed a good deal of information into his brief articles, the most unusual of it being the source of each picture and the date of acquisition—the author is very much concerned with the history of his institution. He also furnishes a lengthy account of the tribulations surrounding its establishment and growth.

—L. R. Sander.

INDIAN MISCELLANY: Excellent reproductions of good photographs, showing temples, images, and paintings dating from about the fifth and sixth to the eighteenth century and originating in widely distant regions, from the Deccan and South India to Northern India and Orissa, make up a volume called **"The Golden Age of Indian Art"** (Studio-Crowell, $8.50), by Pierre Rambach and Vitold de Marie Golish. The book seems misnamed. Even if these thirteen hundred years truly represent "the Golden Age" of Indian art it seems unlikely that the book originally was intended to illustrate this long period. The introduction makes it clear that the book treats of Calukyan art, a regional school of the sixth to eighth century confined to the southwestern Deccan. The remaining millennium is represented by photographs of monuments as distant in space as they are in time and by the wholly superfluous inclusion of a few plates of South Indian paintings of the eighteenth century which are, however, mistakenly assigned to the fourteenth century. The introduction moreover hints at first discoveries under trying conditions of archeological sites which are known, published—although inadequately—and accessible by car and public vehicles.

It is doubtful whether an assortment of good photographs of great and also of indifferent works of art such as this gives the layman a relevant picture of Indian art. The few color plates are altogether outside art. They represent as folk art what is merely debased and gaudy and misrepresent a sixth-century Calukyan wall painting by a sentimental modern copy. The technical competence of the photographers and their artistically inexperienced vision are responsible for arbitrary "close-ups" and cuts. An image of Ganesha, for example, is cut above the brow. On the other hand, some of the plates render most perfectly the later phases of Indian sculpture. Vitold de Marie-Golish, as none before him, has caught the subtle and final vibrations in the modeling of a face like that of the Sun God (Plate 100) in Konarak, as if it were a death-mask of the great tradition itself of Orissan sculpture.

The layout of the book is most successful in maintaining throughout the sculptural effect and the atmosphere of the original setting.

—Stella Kramrisch.

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Verse

Continued from page 19

ettes, as Céleste calls them) have received a great deal of critical attention. Four books of criticism and exegesis have appeared in France on the work of St.-John Perse, between 1952 and 1955. These critics accept without question the preeminence of M. Léger among contemporary poets. Each focuses on one aspect of the work: thematic development, spirituality, language, ethical content, but the importance of "Eloges" is stressed by all.

The second part of this new edition, entitled "The Glory of Kings," contains poems—I am thinking especially of "Friendship of the Prince"—composed in such hieratically solemn fashion that they are detined to stimulate in scholars, both present and future, a search for clues and sources. What promises to be a long episode in literary history and research has begun with these four critical studies. The *devinettes* of Céleste will be explained in time. But such fact-finding enterprises will not necessarily heighten our enjoyment of the poems as poems.

ELEGIAC BEGINNER: In **"The Form of Loss"** (Alan Swallow, $2), his first book, Edgar Bowers is to be welcomed as a craftsman of undeniable integrity. It is the more noteworthy being an accomplishment in the much abused rhymed iambic pentameter. At his best, Mr. Bowers can be admired for a fine sobriety of phrase and tone. "Late Winter Night," "From J. Haydn to Constanze Mozart (1791)," and "Dark Earth and Summer" are among the surprises.

Catholic in inspiration, the poems, treating of war, death and religion, address themselves to common experience with an earnest elegiac appeal. Overcautiousness in general, tending towards regularity, monotony, and vagueness, is Mr. Bowers's curable fault. —David Ignatow.

FROM THE TANG DYNASTY: The poetry of the Tang Dynasty of China is one of the cultural heritages of all humanity—it includes Tu Fu, Li Po, Po Chu I, amongst the greatest poets of any time or any language. Their succinct quatrains of poignant revery over nature and man are the most immediately appealing to the Western reader. Shirley Black, who presents some of it in a volume entitled **"Rainbow Skirts and Feather Jackets"** (M. Hawley, Hollywood, $3), was born in China and is the author of a Chinese textbook and dictionary, not unimportant qualifications for a translator. Most of these poems have been translated before, but they cannot be done too often, and her versions are amongst the best. The Chinese text is given on facing pages. The bookmaking is quite handsome. —Kenneth Rexroth.

FRAGMENTS FROM CAMBRIDGE: Fredegond Shove's **"Poems"** (Cambridge University Press, $1.50) is a posthumous collection of verse, heretofore mainly unpublished, and sad to tell it adds up to but a few admirable fragments. The wife of a late fellow of Kings College, Cambridge, and daughter of a famous Downing Professor of the Laws of England, evidently enough Miss Shove was widely read. Christina Rossetti, however, appears to have been Miss Shove's most consistent mentor.

Parts of "Liturgy," part of "At Night," the whole of two short poems, "Snowdrops" and "The Dream" emerge as poetry. Undoubtedly a woman of fine religious instincts, Miss Shove seems never to have truly absorbed her literary influences into a style and spirit of her own. —D. I.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

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9. "When We Were Very Young"
10. "Years Ago"

( ) Edward Bellamy
( ) Ruth Gordon
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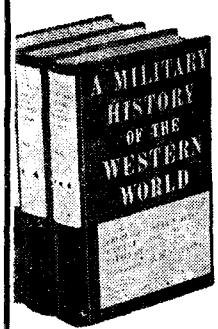

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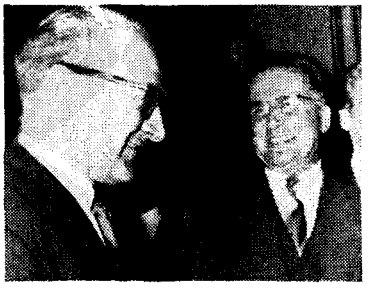
BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Allo Out There!

A. M. JULIEN is a practical Paris theatreman with a dream. Working on the premises that (a) theatre is an international art, (b) art flourishes by way of exhibition and comparison, and (c) Paris is the art center of the world, he decided some years ago that it would be exciting to establish an annual series of players and plays from every corner of the earth, following one another in native garb and native tongue in a truly international thespic parade. It sounds impossible, transportation and politics being what they are around the world—but M. Julien has made it work. The third, and in many ways most successful, theatre festival has just been concluded in Paris at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, and M. Julien has already started work preparing for the fourth festival, next summer—which, he hopes, will be the last. Last because he wants now to go one step further towards the realization of his dream—a permanent year-round "international" theatre.

The scope of the Theatre Festival is so grandiose in concept that it is difficult to envisage. Perhaps the cold statistics will serve as a yardstick. Seventeen nations, from both sides of the political iron curtain, were represented. They showed twenty-six plays. The plays were done by the native actors in the native tongue, costumes, scenery, etc. There was no editing, restaging, censoring, or "butting-in" by the French hosts. The Festival opened on May 14 with a performance of "Barabbas" (by Ghelderode) by the Theatre National de Belgique. This lasted three performances. Two days were devoted to moving out the Belgians, their scenery and costumes, and moving in a troupe from the Kungliga Dramatiska Teatern of Stockholm for three days of Swedish drama. And that pace was continued through July 24, when the Cameri Theatre of Tel-Aviv ended the series with a stirring Israeli native play in Hebrew.



Mr. Julien with Premier Guy Mollet.

The nations represented were Belgium, Sweden, Holland, Morocco, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, West Germany, Austria, Italy, Poland, Rumania, Norway, Spain, Yugoslavia, Ireland, England, and Israel. The greatest box-office success was earned by the Israelis. The greatest critical success was earned by the London Theatre Workshop's production of "Good Soldier Schweik." Most argument was stirred by the hectic Piscator production of Tolstoi's "War and Peace" via the Schiller Theatre of Berlin.

Naturally, there was considerable variety, both in concept and execution. At least half the plays (this is a kindly estimate) were barely, if at all, above the amateur status. There was no really startling exhibition—such as was provided a year earlier by the appearance of the Peking National Theatre group. But the whole added up to stirring theatrical data.

There is no substance to the initials A. M. in Julien's name, since he made up the whole thing years ago when he was an actor. Switching to management and, later, production, he eventually found himself the managing director of the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, one of the loveliest Paris playhouses. His notion of an annual parade of visiting theatre companies, then, comes partially from a genuine love of theatre and partially from his managerial desire to keep his theatre occupied during the summer months. The scheme calls for simple financial arrangements. The companies must find their own way to Paris. Here all the receipts are turned over to them to help allay the expenses. The French Government pays all the costs of running the theatre during the Festival.

As simple as this sounds, it is not simple in America, where theatre is largely a commercial enterprise. Transportation becomes a big problem. Since the theatre companies from all the European countries are already largely or entirely Government subsidized there is no great headache about arranging the additional expenses. But an American play making the trip would have to find a sponsor prepared to lose a goodly sum of money. Lose it or donate it. Some months ago arrangements had been made to send over intact the Broadway company of "The Diary of Anne Frank" but at the last minute, according to rumor, "someone" in Washington thought the play might "offend" the Germans, so it was canceled. Who was the "someone"? M. Julian either didn't know or wouldn't say.

"We try to avoid politics," he told your reporter. "When we invite Poland or Russia or Yugoslavia—or America—to send us a troupe of actors in a native production it is always possible that the play will have some political content. This is a question which, it seems to me, we have to avoid. You cannot invite a man to be a guest in your home and tell him at the same time how he must dress. His manners—or lack of them—are a matter of his own judgment."

Did he personally consider that "Anne Frank" might have offended anyone? A shrug of his Gallic shoulders. He would not dare to criticize anyone in Washington or New York. A careful peek over his left shoulder into the shadows. And, sotto voce: "Nine months of the year I produce plays, you know, and operate theatres, on a strictly commercial basis. This 'Dairy of Anne Frank' is one of the plays I would like very much to produce next season in Paris."

Did he think he could get the rights for a French production? "Why not? It is simple. I talk to the producers, the authors, the agents. There is no problem. But when it comes to the matter of getting a play to come over from America for such a project as the Festival—to whom do you talk in a country like America which has no national theatre, which has no minister of fine arts?"

—WOLFE KAUFMAN.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1168)

PLATO:

THE REPUBLIC—BOOK TWO

Nevertheless, I do not wonder that the many refuse to believe, for they have never seen realized that of which we are now speaking . . . a human being who in word and work is perfectly moulded . . . into the likeness of virtue, ruling in a city, which bears the same image.

A Note on Hart Crane

By Edward Loche

ASTIR with winds, and languid days,
He sensed the world as it might be known.
Why say more than the poet says?
He lived for our sake, and died for his own

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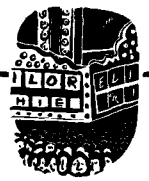

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Is Everybody Happy?

THE new realism wafting into our films from sunny Italy seems to have opened up the screen to ll sorts of vaguely depressing themes. can think of nothing more depressing, owever, than most of the comedies iat have been coming out of Holly- ood in recent months. Comedy, of ourse, is an especially tricky business. lo two people laugh at quite the same ning in quite the same way, or for ie same reason. The professional gag ian can only aim in the general di- ection of the funny bone, throw his unch line—and hope it doesn't hit omeone in the solar plexus. For he iust always remember that the iovies are supposed to entertain verybody. If someone comes out of theatre piqued, annoyed, unhappy— vhy, that might be bad for business. And so our movie comedies today are onspicuously lacking in the kind of apier wit that draws blood. They void lampoons and satires on a cur- ent scene that is incredibly rich with omic possibilities, and mainly out of he fear that someone might not think t was funny. The irrepressible im- udence of the Marx Brothers, the rittle cynicism of the "screwball" omedies of the Thirties, the shrewd ony of Will Rogers, the ingrained narchy of W. C. Fields, and the cheer- ul vulgarity of Mae West—these just on't exist any more. Today's comics, oday's comic writers have pulled in heir horns. They play it safe with ld gags, old situations, old routines. mall wonder that most of their pic- ures seem tired, dispirited, contrived, nd empty.

What calls all this to mind is the act that, alas, several examples of this clipse of the comic muse are cur- ently on view. **"The Ambassador's Daughter"** (United Artists) takes as ts point of departure the notion that n American Senator, distressed at eports of G. I. peccadillos in Paris, vants the city placed off limits to nilitary personnel. Our Ambassador o France, Edward Arnold, opposes he idea. The Ambassador's daughter, Olivia de Havilland, proposes to prove o the Senator that the average American soldier is as well behaved in Paris as in the bosom of his family. So she disguises herself as a French nodel and. . . All the complications, ll the *double-entendres*, all the pos- ibilities for mistaken identity and nisunderstood motives are explored vith truly boundless enthusiasm and not much wit. Since Norman Krasna not only wrote the piece but produced and directed as well there is no diffi- culty in distributing the blame. His writing is obvious, his direction heavy and arch. As producer, however, he had the good judgment to toss in generous glimpses of Paris in Cinema- Scope and Technicolor, and these help considerably.

* * *

"The First Traveling Saleslady" (RKO), on the other hand, doesn't even have scenery to recommend it. Its preposterous story, credited to Stephen Longstreet, incomprehensibly introduces Ginger Rogers as a corset designer back in 1897. There is just enough of the corset business to bring on Carol Channing wearing one as she sings "A Corset Does a Lot for a Lady." (Any resemblance to "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend" is purely coin- cidental, but not unwelcome.) Then the two are off selling barbed wire in Texas. The Texans prefer their wide open spaces unfenced, but Ginger talks them into seeing the error of their ways. And talks. . . The speeches rattle on like a Southern filibuster, with everyone in the cast resorting to some kind of trick voice in a vain at- tempt to make his lines sound funnier. There is also a sprinkling of undis- tinguished songs, presumably intended to turn the show into a musical. Musical *comedy* it is not.

* * *

By way of contrast, the British have recently sent over a sprightly little picture of which they—and certainly the Boulting Brothers, its producers— might be proud. **"Private's Progress"** (D.C.A.) is certainly no world-beater as a story, consisting in the main of a loose series of farcical misadventures involving a singularly inept fugitive from the groves of Academe assigned to Britain's wartime army. The film reaches a climax of sorts in a melo- dramatic attempt to fly a cache of art treasures out of Germany during the height of hostilities; but this is easily the weakest part of the film. The best is its fundamentally, enthusiastically irreverent attitude toward British offi- cers, the British army, sanctimonious war heroes, and war itself, a spirit im- plicit in the film's opening statement, "The producers gratefully acknowl- edge the official cooperation of abso- lutely nobody." Now, *that's* the way to make a comedy. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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8-18

Question Reverse

THESE WORDS are being written on Cape Cod at the end of July, but through the magic of the printing press and the steam engine they will be available for reading throughout the length and breadth of our land on the week-end between the two national conventions! Television coverage of these conventions was begun by NBC the year Wendell Willkie was nominated (a circumstance conveniently forgotten by the president of another network), and television as a factor in campaigning became significant four years ago. Since then there has been considerable speculation on the possible effect of TV on our political life.

There has been no speculation about the effect of politics on television. So far no one has suggested that a major plank in each platform will deal with the problems of ultra-high-frequencies or Pay-TV. I feel confident that a kind word will be said about educational uses of television, but not about allotment of desirable channels to educational institutions. I am also sure that in committee rooms and in the great assembly halls some reference to "the $64,000 Question" will bring joy and merriment. But I can predict with confidence that the delegates will pay as little attention to the fundamental questions about television as they will to mosquito control or free silver.

And this is all the more remarkable because for some months Congress has been desperately busy about television and this situation will continue for a long time to come. Knock on any Senate committee door and you'll find a broadcaster giving testimony: the judiciary, the anti-American, the commerce committees, the Senate as a whole, the FCC. Are networks monopolistic? Are executives overpaid? Is it subversive to mention the blacklist? You begin to wonder how the broadcasters manage to put on any programs at all, let alone plan ahead.

Something is happening. The broadcasters know what it is and they are troubled. They would be even more troubled if the party platforms brought the fundamental issue into open discussion. The joker is hidden under such apparent trifles as the size of executive salaries or the padding of expense accounts. The dignified reproachful tone of the broadcasters' replies to Senatorial inquiries mustn't fool you. They are troubled because they recognize a steady drift toward establishing the status of broadcastir *as a public utility.*

The words italicized are th dirtiest you can utter around Rocke feller Center and on Madison avenu In a public utility both the charges an the profits are observed and regulate Up to now broadcasting has been service compelled to operate in th public interest, its technological facto have been regulated, but no com mission has been empowered to de fine the standards of programming c to set maximum prices. What haun the broadcasters is the gaunt specte of Federal regulation, its bony finge running up and down the columns c income and profits.

The conventions will not tackle thi problem and that is just as well be cause it needs thought, not orator We need, I suggest, a new set of term we need a new concept of the righ relation between the broadcasters an the people. Somewhere between th luxuriant foliage of total free enter prise and the barren wastes (more o less) of the regulated utility a righ place exists for a business so tied t commerce and industry, so persona in its day-to-day relations with th individual citizen, and so magnificentl important as a shaper of social at titudes. It will be the right place nc because it is a compromise, an aver aging-out of conflicting ideas, but be cause it will correspond to the ac tualities of broadcasting, giving weigh to its various needs and uses.

I understand the fears of the in dustry's managers. They know tha bureaucrats are human in at least on respect: their appetites grow on what ever feeds them. But I do not think th business has been approached rea listically.

As a base for realistic discussion not in nominating convention halls I suggest that the broadcasters rec ognize their unique situation i American life: they provide a publi *necessity.* Not a luxury, not an enter tainment like any other, not a form o communication alternative to severa others. They should be proud of this not afraid of it.

If our legislators will simultaneously recognize the unique nature of thi necessity, how far it goes beyond ou purely physical wants, they will no jeopardize the freedom of the broad casting business, but increase its op portunities by exorcising its fears.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

UCLA Remembers Schoenberg

Los Angeles.

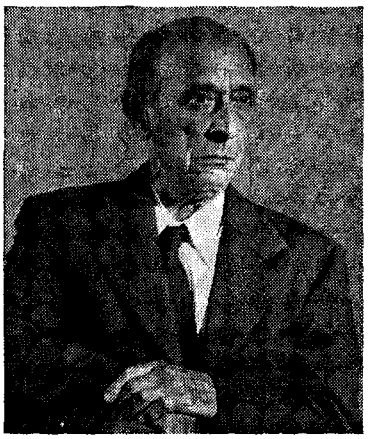
WITH a heartening show of optimism in this atom-triggered age, the University of alifornia at Los Angeles has attested s faith in the durability of the fine :ts by erecting a music building, the nart little concert hall which was ›rmally dedicated earlier this sum- ıer to Arnold Schoenberg, the Aus- ·ian-born composer and theorist ho held a professorship on the ıculty from 1936 until his retirement ı 1944.

Dedication ceremonies included the nveiling of a bronze bust of Schoen- erg modeled by the sculptress Anna [ahler and a concert of his own com- ›sition that featured "De Profundis," is last completed work, on a text ·om Psalm 130 and dedicated by him › the State of Israel. Set for a six- art *a cappella* chorus which alter- ately sings and speaks the words, generates a drama equal in power › the virtuosity of its twelve-tone ıusical writing, and emerged from its rst American hearing as one of the ıost arresting examples from this sin- ılarly ardent and original mind.

Schoenberg Hall was more elabo- ıtely christened a fortnight later, hen the Los Angeles Music Festival :lebrated its tenth anniversary sea- ›n with three programs on the 'CLA campus, conducted by the :stival's founder-director, Franz /axman. Of these the variable high- ghts included a staging by Henry chnitzler of Rolf Liebermann's one- :t comic opera "School for Wives," 'hich was sung in English; the first /est Coast hearing of Miklos Rozsa's ew violin concerto, and a concert per- ›rmance of Debussy's "Le Martyre de aint Sebastien," with the d'Annunzio :xt, in a French version by Germaine ngelbrecht, delivered by Louis Jour- an.

The opera was the second by Lieb- rmann that Waxman has introduced ere, having presented the Swiss ›mposer's "Leonore 40-45" in a pre- ıped audial version as part of the 955 festival. The present staging had ıe visual advantages of a saucy écor by Harry Horner, and the ef- ›rts of a personable young cast, and lthough the score was distinguished hiefly by its vivacity this persevered › match the brief Molière comedy ı length if not in wit.

The Rozsa concerto, composed for leifetz and introduced by him in)allas earlier this year, proved in this, :s second performance, to be that



—*Alfred Carlson.*

Schoenberg—"ardent, original mind."

rarest of concert phenomena—a new work that is instantly accessible without being in any way trite. Although formally quite conventional, it is energized by an unflagging thematic and rhythmic immediacy. The resulting union of structural tautness and exuberant freshness suggests that its composer not only possesses sound musical instinct but is well versed in their practical application.

Rozsa, in fact, knows the violin from an executant's point of view, and this has enabled him to exploit its expressive resources with no gaucherie of mechanics. The soloist's role is difficult and brilliant, but while the violin almost without exception takes the initiative it is never other than integral with the whole. Much of the writing has a Hungarian piquancy, not so much calculated as intrinsic in the composer's own heritage, and in the central movement this expands to a broad, flowing melody that works itself up in true rhapsodic fashion. Spivakovsky performed the solo part with a poised musicianship that belied its bristling difficulties, and with a breadth of style that lent full value to its lyric portions.

Waxman's choice of festival fare has always been bracing, and its level of performance admirably high. Nothing in the tenth season more confirmed this than the concluding event, in which Debussy's luminous "Martyre" was given a tender and powerful exposition by Waxman and an immaculately drilled corps. Jourdan's delivery of the French metres was so sensitively *en rapport* with the musical and poetic elements as to lend the performance at times an almost transcendent character.

The festival tide later moved north long enough to provide Santa Barbara with a week of concerts devoted to the chamber music of Brahms. Eudice Shapiro and Johanna and Nikolai Graudan formed the pivotal group for performances of his trios, and the Hungarian String Quartet did similar service for the larger string works. The Roger Wagner chorale presented an *a cappella* program of choral items, and a piano recital featured Jose Kahan as the inaugural artist on a recent exchange agreement between the Santa Barbara Festival and the Asociacion de Concertistas Mexicanos that provides for an annual exchange of young concert artists. John Browning, a young Los Angeles pianist who won second prize in the recent Queen Elizabeth International Musical Competition in Brussels, has been reciprocally dispatched to Mexico City to represent this country in a performance there August 22.

—Mildred Norton.

Open Saturdays

By John Atherton

IN THIS museum, locked in cases
You can see all the rare and costly items
No one owns. Here on display (please don't
Touch the glass) enduring love and
Real specimens of fidelity from novels
Lie labeled close to a sample slab
Of parental understanding. Only the genuine
Holds the collector's doting eye; he'll take
None of the common garden sorts—
Broken friendships, one finds them anywhere, or
Futile acts of generous feeling, those anyone
Could own. Further on (please don't loiter)
We have an unusual sympathy, shot dead,
Before it turned to maudlin condescension.
Here's a basic principle, not once compromised—
Yes, they all need dusting; curators are hard to find.
When you or I can own an imitation
Appreciation dies. Who cares, today, to have the best
When a whole arcade is open for a penny?

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

European Digest

THOSE who attended class last week will recall that I ended the session by carrying on in some detail about the Danes and their imaginative open sandwiches which are spread with such diverse paving as sliced chocolate, banana, and roast duck with red cabbage. Well, that brings our story up to date, and I would like to continue this week's instalment by rambling further down the alimentary canals of the Old World.

First off, I would like to tell you of the rather frightening influence that American capitalists have had on the cuisine of the Netherlands, a land once known for such delicatesse as smoked eels, Gouda cheese for breakfast, and raw herring swallowed whole. All that may still be carried on by a hard core, but Heck's Lunchroom (that's what they call it) in The Hague now serves what they refer to as Ice Cream Soda's which come in four delicious flavors, namely *aarbeien, ananas, sinaasappel,* and *kersen.* And not only that, but they have Milkshakes Met Slagroom, which, according to the Ijs Pryslyst, sell for the equivalent of 19½¢ U.S.

I must say that things are more as one might expect to find them at the fine restaurant known as Saur in The Hague. The walls are dark maroon damask, and there are gilded frames on the wall, one of which holds a testimonial from *Holiday.* As a fish restaurant the sole was superb, but I was somewhat disquieted by the lobster bisque, which the waiter laced with a generous dash of Scotch whiskey. And if it were not for the quality of the *flensjes,* which are tiny pancakes sprinkled with sugar, I would be inclined to raise Ned with the service.

The same goes for the new country place opened by the Five Flies near Leiden, only they don't have any *flensjes* to offer as a balm. Like the Five Flies restaurant in Amsterdam, the country place is tricked up to delight the tourists. A sign outside announces "De Bar Is Open." Certainly it is one of the jazziest bars in Holland, decked out as it is with stained-glass windows, a beamed ceiling, candlelight, five mechanical flies in a gilded cage, and a gypsy orchestra complete with zimbalon. A number of adjoining areas have been covered by translucent plastic roofing which affords a tropical aspect and temperature to match. The effect is heightened by flowers in bark-covered holders hanging from the ceiling, and by the birch trees growing right out of the floor. If the management could have expended as much effort and imagination on the food and service the place would be a roaring success.

Anyone equipped with a pioneering spirit and a cast-iron stomach can try Holland's famous Indische Schotels, which is to say, its Indonesian kitchen which was popularized by homecoming Dutch colonials. The mainstay is *rijsttafel,* which means rice table, although that handle wor give you the slightest clue of wh you're in for. It consists, to be sur of cooked rice dumped in a deep pla and anywhere up to thirty side dishe This procedure I underwent at a establishment with the singularly a name of Bali in Scheveningen, ar it began with a waiter bearing twen dishes, containing such goodies a meat balls steamed in coconut mil soybean cakes with bean sprout beef in Madeira sauce, dried me shreds, vegetables in peanut sauc just plain peanuts, fruits with h sweet sauce, fried bananas, cucun bers in vinegar, and one package Tums. All this is eaten with spoc and fork and with *kroepoek,* whic is a shrimp-flavored biscuit.

AND that, Duncan, that brings m to Paris. If you happen to be headin in that direction I would suggest pack ing a lunch, for it is simply too ex pensive to eat out. I mean a littl lunch for two in the Bois, and nc *haut cuisine,* either, comes to a tid $15. Of course you can eat for ha that by eating alone. One evening was conducted by David Seymou the eminent photographer who habit ually eats in the esoteric world c a thirty-third degree gourmet, to dingy alley known as the Rue Vert bois where we would find, he prom ised, the secret restaurant of Darry Zanuck. The paint was peeling, bu the chef has an immense beard. Th service was slow, yet everything i cooked to order. Over a slow fir Better you should be on Sabbatica leave.

Anyway, this place is called Che Ami Louis, although if Zanuck keep sending people to his hideout the may change the title to Chez Am Darryl. In between the pâté and th

—Hamilton Wright.

Teatime in Italy, lunchtime in Holland—". . . the alimentary canals of the Old World."

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ue beefsteak there was a considera-
e lull and Mr. Seymour filled it
ordering *ortolan*. Now I have since
oked up *ortolan* in the dictionary
ıd about as close as I can make
ıt it is bobolink. Pretty soon in
mes this bobolink, head and all,
oking like an undernourished ca-
ıry that had been caught in a fire.
'ass," said Paul Friedlander, who
travel editor of *The New York*
mes and who was in attendance.
'ass," I said. "Yum," said Mr. Sey-
our. The check ran about $8 per
rson and the only reason they can
it at this price is by keeping the
cor simple.

Thereafter I took my meals at Le
lf Service, a new establishment
hich I have come to think of fondly
my secret restaurant. Le Self Serv-
e, which is France's first try at
American style cafeteria commits
hat the French hotel industry must
ew as pure heresy. For one thing
advertises "Service Included." For
ıother it insists there be no tipping.
nd finally it says, "No surprises."
ou can get a steak for fifty-two
nts, the yogurt comes in three fla-
ors (vanilla, lemon, and tutti-frutti),
ead is three cents, and fourteen
nts buys either a bottle of wine or
bottle of water.

I didn't find any self-service places
Italy this year, and to the best
my knowledge that eminent system
as not as yet arrived there. Actually
isn't necessary—and I hope it won't
—to resort to such importations.
Venice you can still get a pizza
r twenty cents and they come Nea-
olitan, Margherita, with ham, with
lami, with egg, with mushrooms, and
ith hamburger. Your choice. So
any Germans and Austrians have
ppeared in Venice this year that res-
urant signs offer *gulasch mit kar-
ffeln, wiener würstel*, and other
ems to delight the Teuton visitor.
o me the best food in Venice was
the Excelsior Lido Hotel, which
ers more courses than the average
an can handle and, what with room
ıd bath and services and all the
her little additions, the whole tab
omes to $20 a day, a price I cer-
ainly consider fair for a topnotch
otel.

There is not much that really dis-
nguishes the Yugoslav kitchen ex-
ept perhaps for the famed scampi
f Opatija (known as Abbazia when
was Italian) which are served fried
the lightest of batter. And the
reakfast coffee, which comes with
hipped cream, a hangover from the
ays when Abbazia was Austrian. The
nly mineral water I could come by
as a frightening mix known as Three
Hearts, and I am here to tell you
hat you had better bring your own
Fiuggi. Three Hearts do not a pal-
ate make.

Apparently there is no importation of liquors and you are stuck with slivovitz, the local kerosene, or sweet maraschino, another of Tito's tonics. Like the Russians, the Yugoslavs have taken to making their own wines and you can get malaga made in Rijeka (formerly Fiume), Slovenian Rizling, and sweet champagne. For after dinner there is even Yugoslavian Benedictine, I suspect not made by Yugoslav monks. —HORACE SUTTON.

Traveler's Tales

GUIDE TO GOOD HUNTING: All Middle America becomes a "bargain basement" as David and Marian Greenberg share their knowledge of tourist bonanzas in **"The Shopping Guide to Mexico, Guatemala, and the Caribbean"** (Trade Winds Press, $3.75). They tell you how to judge silver and stones (from next-to-worthless to precious) and where, in Mexico, to buy the best cheapest. Ruins constitute the "best

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buy" of Yucatan, but silver and gold filigree pieces run a close second. Dresses shimmering with metallic weave are priced at $20 in Guatemala. $5 additional for a matching stole. Jamaica offers hand-embroidered linen dresses for as low as $21, and exquisite ivory chess sets (hand-carved) for from $30 to $60, before bargaining. Jamaican alligator accessories are two and three times less than at home. Canadian and Scotch whiskies average $3-$3.50 a bottle in Nassau, cognac $3 to $6.50, and rum can be had for $1.30. Bermuda prices are even lower. And French perfumes are sold in Haiti for about one third the U.S. cost. Leading you into countless shops, the Greenbergs can help you spend a small fortune—but wisely.

—JOYCE JENKINS.

WRITER AT LARGE: Most of us at one time or another have wished we could run off in search of the Perfect Place to Live. In **"The Grass Is Never Greener"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3) Canadian Robert Thomas Allen, an adventurous free-lance writer, tells how he actually managed to do it for eight nomadic years. It started when a blizzard hit his home town of Toronto. As usual everybody griped about the weather, but he decided to do something about it. The old Chevvy was packed to the dome, complete with wife and daughters aged five and two, and off they went to Florida by way of New York and Washington, D.C. Florida beaches are considered the best in the world but the summer heat waves subdued the Allen family's enthusiasm. A desert in New Mexico was the next stopover until the temperature climbed to 117 in the shade. Then they discovered Pasadena in California, "the land of palms, red-tile roofs, swimming pools, blondes, muscles, and flowers . . . a sunny, snowless civilization, with cool nights, razzle-dazzle shopping districts, and supermarkets like the foyer to heaven. Maybe this was The Place." But the Allens got homesick and returned to Canada and another try at a normal life with the head of the family back in an advertising office. Wanderlust struck again, however, and the family rented a farm near Elmvale, Ontario. There were only two things wrong with that rustic life —"it was too far from the city and in the winter it snowed." So they proceeded to prove the adage that "everybody comes back to California." Everything from the complexities of selling a house to the joys of traveling with children and the mysteries of women's hairdos is grist for Allen's amusing saga, which has much of the appeal of "The Egg and I" but is garnished with a wry flavor all its own.

—DOROTHY MANDEL.

Moralist Without Manners

Continued from page 10

turned to the book itself to try to discover the specific causes of it. It is true Mrs. Priestley speaks of being met in Albuquerque by an "untidy" woman [easily identifiable] in an "untidy" car who took her home to an "unkempt" house. But Priestley writes at some length of activities in which I shared (his name for me is Local Enthusiast), and his account detail by detail sets down pretty much what happened as I observed it. It would seem to be the innuendoes, the "superior" interpretations, the suggested slurs, and the note of bitterness (could it be some sort of disguised resentment?) that prove so offensive.

He is irritated at having to be generally introduced at parties and complains that a total stranger did not find "good conversation" in large groups met in passing. When his host, to make conversation as they entered the Dallas Petroleum Club, remarked on the dramatic fact that the small membership represented over $1,000,000,000 he records it and adds that his host "seemed to have an almost tender admiration for the richest and most powerful oil men." And he says of the Texas women he met: "They were still girls in a mining camp."

But the chief weakness of the book so far as interpretation of Texas is concerned is its utter superficiality in spite of frequent pauses for pontification. The literary stature of Priestley is such that he could not write a book without some virtues, but a week in Dallas and another in Houston do not give even Priestley the background to pose as an authority on the life there. Indeed, he cannot claim the first key to good report —accuracy.

Just up the street from the ho where Priestley was staying, and ne ing completion, is one of the fin modern public libraries in the Unit States. Here is how he reports th "The Dallas Public library I disc ered is one of the poorest in the cou try for a city of this size; but th Dallas is expanding at a time wh public libraries are no longer impc tant; probably the newest towns w not have libraries at all."

It is this kind of pretentious no sense with ill-tempered overtor that made Texans reject Priestley a his book. (How completely Texa did reject the book can be gather from the fact that the Cokesbu Bookstore of Dallas, which sells mc books than any bookstore in t United States, sold less than t dozen copies of "Journey Down Rainbow," including orders fr schools and libraries, in the thr months after it appeared. And for t first time in its history the store a vertised the book on its remaind list the same season a book was pu lished.) This reaction, howev should not come as too much of surprise to Priestley, for in the vc ume itself on page 36 he complai about his treatment by the newsp pers, and writes: "It is no joke to displayed to millions, who do n know him, as a conceited lout, stupid boor repaying hospitality a kindness with insults." He must ha had fair warning that in his approa to Southwesterners for whom he pr fesses such affection he did not stril exactly a happy note.

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Genial Men, Handsome Girls . . .

Continued from page 10

ing personalities did not exist; some of the older men, who had come up the hard way, were probably too shy or indifferent to reveal themselves.

I HAVE no tenderness for the epicene or all the sexual aberrations; but I am convinced that good talk cannot flourish where there is a wide gulf between the sexes, where the men are altogether too masculine, too hearty and bluff and booming, where the women are too feminine, at once both too arch and too anxious. Where men are leavened by a feminine element, where women are not without some tempering by the masculine spirit, there is a chance of good talk. And if there cannot be a balance of the two eternal principles, then let the feminine principle have the domination. But here was a society entirely dominated by the masculine principle. Why were so many of these women at once so arch and so anxious? There was nothing wrong with them as women. Superficially everything seemed blazingly right with them. But even here in these circles, where millionaires apparently indulged and spoilt them, giving them without question or stint what women elsewhere were forever wistfully hoping for, they were haunted by a feeling of inferiority, resented but never properly examined and challenged. They lived in a world so contemptuous and destructive of real feminine values that they had to be heavily bribed to remain in it. All those shops, like the famous Neiman-Marcus store (a remarkable creation) here in Dallas, were part of the bribe. They were still girls in a mining camp. And to increase their bewilderment, perhaps their despair, they are told they are living in a matriarchy.

Though often idiotic in their opinions, Texas newspapers have one very sensible feature. They make use of their own local critics and columnists, many of them careful writers with a point of view of their own, instead of being content to buy the usual syndicated stuff. One or two of these local columnists, sardonic wits like Carl Victor Little in Houston, have a fine knack of puncturing the vast balloons of gas and gush floating up from the oil fields and giant ranches. This is worth noting. American life may still be sillier than English, if only because there is so much more of it and it has so much more money to play with, but now it seems to me that American silliness is derided and denounced far more often, and far more effectively, than English silliness is. Any intelligent American knows mass nonsense to be mass nonsense; he may deceive others, he does not deceive himself. An equally intelligent Englishman now is not so sure, probably because his mass nonsense has been so cunningly intermixed with genuine traditional feeling. Thus, the postwar English, meeting the new huge silliness, the mass nonsense, with a kind of innocence without the hard sardonic streak there is in so many Americans and that finds expression even in the popular press, are in the more dangerous situation. Not, however, in politics. Alongside these satirical columns in the Texas newspapers were letters from readers that were terrifying in their complacent ignorance, their indignant lunacy. Their writers argued as if they were living on the back of the moon. To them China was not a huge ruin of an empire where armies had been wandering for years but some little thing that Alger Hiss or somebody had slipped to the Reds as a present.

THE General, of course, was not so foolish. I was invited to meet the General and then listen to him giving an address to the Foreign Affairs Association of Dallas. I met him at a cocktail party at the Petroleum Club. This club is handsomer than its name, and has been designed for the leaders of the oil business. A man I went in with, speaking in a quiet reverent tone, said: "More than a billion dollars are represented here." He was not himself "in oil" but he seemed to have an almost tender admiration for the richest and most powerful oilmen, seeing them as epic figures, misjudged by an envious world. He tried to convert me to this view of them, stressing the fact that their fortunes were "clean," gained at nobody else's expense. The trouble with these tycoons, however, as my more radical acquaintances were quick to point out, is that they are not content merely to fly around in their private planes and smoke the longest cigars; out of gains handsomely freed from excessive taxation, they buy newspapers and radio stations, subsidize dubious political movements and personalities. "They take all that money out of holes in the ground," one newspaperman said to me, "then think God has appointed them His prophets."

From the Petroleum Club, which adjoins the hotel, we moved down into the banqueting room where the Association dines and meets. I was seated at the raised table for the speakers, but, fortunately, was not expected to speak. Fortunately, because I began to feel grumpier and grumpier. I hope my host, who meant well, will forgive me if I declare that these occasions represent American life at its deadliest. Everything is wrong. The dinner itself was bad: a first course of frozen fruit salad (and it is still frozen fruit salad if you call it "fruit cocktail" and regard it, God knows why, as an appetizer); a miserable entree that still contrived to taste sweet; then a dollop of ice-cream: a meal designed for a not very hungry child of ten. No drink, just gallons of ice-water. But is drink necessary when we meet to consider Foreign Affairs? In my opinion—Yes. Vast quantities of gin, champagne, hock, claret, brandy, and vodka, all paid for by the silly sheep whose happiness, whose lives, are at stake in the poker game, have been consumed by the creators of this monstrous tangle; and we in our turn should not be asked even to contemplate it for half an hour on ice-water. I seemed to cross barefooted all the frozen tundras of Siberia while the retiring president, the new president, the secretary, the treasurer, the chairman, went on and on and on.

At last I went up to my bedroom, to stare at the typewriter lent to me by the nice woman who ran the good little bookshop. (She runs it no longer, and one clear light has gone out in Dallas.) Later, when I returned this machine, another nice woman, whom I had consulted about hiring a typewriter for the rest of my stay in Texas, insisted upon lending me her own private machine, to take into the blue. As a man who has been using and owning typewriters for about forty years, I knew that these were no idle gestures of friendly concern: this was the real thing, so often discovered in the American Southwest, and never to be matched in our colder and more cautious realm. Elizabeth McMurray, Marihelen McDuff—I salute you, ladies—and pray that no word of mine here will offend for even a fraction of a moment. Remember that I too, as I hope I have proved more than once, love the Southwest, am nearly as deeply devoted to it as I am to my own Britain. These are great regions; they deserve the good life. And the good life is in danger. Back then, ladies, to our typewriters.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 3, 10, 2, 8, 1, 5, 9, 7, 6, 4.

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Books for Young People

—From "In France."

IN THE lull that comes between the spring and fall rush of books we have a little time to welcome new editions of earlier favorites. A book is always new to a child who has not read it, and we who are concerned with children and their reading spend much time introducing the older books to them. Sometimes a bit of explanation is necessary, the clarification of a setting or a period, but if the story is good and the characters are real the child reads the book regardless of its age.

A perennial favorite with readers of dog stories is Jack London's "Call of the Wild." This has been illustrated by Robert Todd and published this summer by Macmillan ($2.50). Jules Verne's "Around the World in Eighty Days," a little slow by today's speeds, we admit, but still an exciting story, is available in Dodd, Mead's Great Illustrated Classics Series ($3.25). And "The Voyages of Jacques Cartier," retold from his notebooks by Esther Averill, illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky, and published originally by the Domino Press in Paris, has now been brought out in a revised text by Harper under the title "Cartier Sails the St. Laurence" ($3). This is a readable, attractive book that children in the middle grades will find useful as supplementary material for American history and as a good story of discovery and adventure.

Reviewers for this issue: Della McGregor, Chief of Youth Services, St. Paul, Minn., Public Library; Nance O'Neall, Librarian, Manual Arts High School, Los Angeles, Calif.; and Norma Rathbun, Chief, Work with Children, Milwaukee, Wis., Public Library.

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN, *Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.*

ANATOLE. *By Eve Titus. Pictures by Paul Galdone. Whittlesey House.* $2. Can you imagine a better cheese-taster than a mouse! Anatole, a mouse living outside of Paris, wanted to give to people something in return for the scraps from their kitchens that he took home each night to his family. In the *Manufacture de fromages Duval* he found this opportunity. By leaving signs—extra specially good, specially good, good, no good—stuck in the cheeses in the tasting room he helped the company improve its product and increase its business. Though he remained anonymous he was given the official title of First Vice President in charge of cheese tasting and permission to have all the cheese he wished. Thus established as a respectable business mouse he lived a happy and contented life with his wife and six children. Humor of story and illustrations and a feeling for Paris are in this delightful picture book.

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF . . . *By Leonore Klein. Illustrated by Leonard Kessler. William R. Scott.* $2.25. If you saw a rhinoceros coming down the street, if it snowed in summer, if your mother stopped smiling, if you had a bucket of ice cream—what would you do? To all these and other questions Dan the man, Mike the boy, and Susan his sister react according to their different personalities, but not always as would be logically expected. The illustrations by Leonard Kessler are full of action and fun with graphic and interesting details to discover.

The story, inspired by Dylan Thomas's "A Child's Christmas in Wales" from the book "Quite Early One Morning," will not be appreciated by all children, but will be provocative to those from three to six with creative imaginations.

—NORMA RATHBUN.

MATILDA. *Story and pictures by Le Grand. Abingdon.* $2. This is a tall tale of Matilda, the only goat to be enrolled as a student at Columbia University, and her remarkable doings on the campus. Though her electrifying effect on the sleepy fullback in the last seconds of an important football game was her most spectacular achievement she was held in high esteem by those failing students whose examination papers she ate before they were corrected. Humorous text and illustrations tell this tale that would have been well known today except that Matilda ate the records.

—F. L. S.

WINDOWS FOR ROSEMARY. *By Marguerite Vance. Illustrated by Robert Doares. Dutton.* $2.25. As one reads the simple, delightfully told first-person story of nine-year-old Rosemary, who was born blind, one is hardly aware that this is a book with a purpose, but the purpose is there and it is threefold.

It will be enjoyed by blind children who will share Rosemary's pleasure in everyday activities and in her birthday typewriter, which is a dream come true.

Sighted children will learn through the fun of Rosemary and her brother that a blind child is a little different from themselves, but not an object of pity.

Parents of blind children will find comfort in knowing that their children may look forward to full, happy lives as long as they give them a sense of security and independence.

A graphic description of the Braille alphabet and its use adds to this unusual story told with warmth and sensitivity.

—N. R.

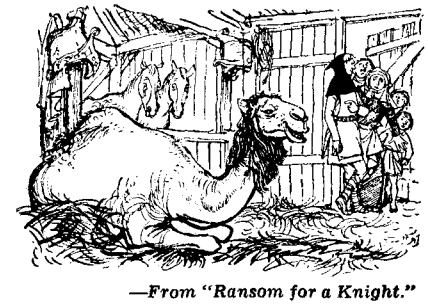
RANSOM FOR A KNIGHT. *By Barbara Leonie Picard. Illustrated by C. Walter Hodges. Oxford.* $3.25. Alys de Renville was born and brought up in a medieval English manor house, surrounded by comfort, gaiety, and affection. Border warfare with the rebellious Scots changed the pattern of the de Renville family life almost overnight. At the Battle of Bannockburn both Alys's father and brother are taken captive and held for ransom. The news reaches England shortly before Alys's twelfth birthday.

Leaving the manor secretly with Hugh, the herdboy, her only companion, Alys sets off for Scotland with the family jewels concealed under her ample petticoats. Life in the country manors, city dwellings, street fairs, convents, and peasant hovels where they seek shelter are sharply and colorfully portrayed.

Readers who have enjoyed "Black Arrow" by Stevenson, Porter's "Scottish Chiefs," or "Dove in the Eagle's Nest" by Charlotte Yonge will find "Ransom for a Knight" equally appealing.

—DELLA MCGREGOR.

IN FRANCE. *By Marguerite Clément. Illustrated by William Pène du Bois. Viking.* $3. This kaleidoscopic record of places, people, and events of historic and current interest is addressed to American boys and girls of today. It is not intended as a guide book, but



—From "Ransom for a Knight."

". . . border warfare with the Scots."

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—From "David and the Sea Gulls."

". . . an interest . . . absorbing, educational, humane."

rather as an informal introduction to the development of a better understanding of the French people and their traditions. The author, a native of France, and the artist, who knows it well, have combined to present a picture that reflects their pride and love for the country. —D. M.

CASTLE ON THE BORDER. *By Margot Benary-Isbert. Harcourt.* $3. To become a great actress like her mother was the dream of Lani, orphaned and homeless in postwar Germany. She goes to live with her relatives in their castle over the East-West border because there is a group of players nearby.

There is much to recommend this superior teen-age novel. Romance, humor and gaiety, the satisfaction in unselfish living, the understanding which can exist between the aged and the young, the joys of a creative life, and a sensitive response to nature are all skilfully interwoven.

Mrs. Benary-Isbert is an author who knows that one faces life with courage and she transfers this truth to young people with the conviction that they will understand. —N. R.

DAVID AND THE SEA GULLS. *By Marion Downer. Photographs by Yolla Niclas. Lothrop.* $3. Thousands of children freed from schools rush into summer vacation only to find that time soon hangs heavy on their hands. If some of these youngsters could discover an interest as absorbing, as educational, as humane as the one cub scout David Boynton found in this true story of an island summer how fortunate they would be. A simple text by Marion Downer recounts the adventures in finding and caring for homeless and helpless gulls. The excellent photographs by Yolla Niclas create the atmosphere of island life and detail progress in the lives of the gulls.

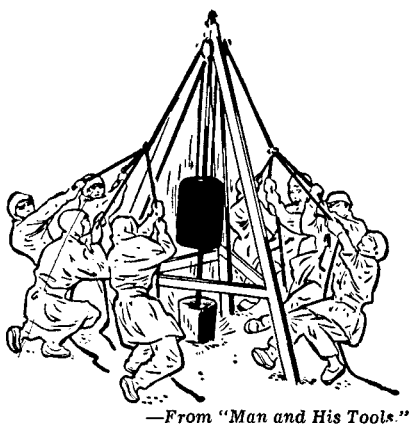
There is much here to interest boys and girls of eight to eleven. They might even be led to a similar adventure of their own. —NANCE O'NEALL.

BLUEBERRY SUMMER. *By Elizabeth Ogilvie. Whittlesey House.* $2.50. Cass, sixteen and troubled by many of the problems of teen-agers including being too plump and "misunderstood" by her parents, is all set for a new camp where she expects to find romance and come back beautiful and glamorous.

An older sister, of whom she has always been jealous, breaks her leg and while her mother goes to care for her Cass has to stay home and take her place. This includes harvesting a crop of blueberries, milking an uncooperative cow, and caring for an uncooperative eight-year-old brother.

Although characters and situations are somewhat contrived in order to give Cass her chance this story is fun and fast moving with a salty Maine atmosphere, and will be read with satisfaction and profit by teen-age girls. —N. R.

LAND AND THE PEOPLE OF THE PHILIPPINES. *By Josephine Bell Vaughan. Lippincott.* $2.75. Judiciously blending history with geography, anthropology, and social progress, Josephine Vaughan has summarized the Philippines in a warm but unprejudiced report which will be welcomed by teen-age readers. As a matter of fact many adults may profit from the material included in this volume. While the section dealing with the history of the Islands is informative, it is the last chapters describing President Magsaysay, the program of reform he is trying to maintain, and the natural and agricultural resources of his country which will be of great inspiration and value to the reader. This is a worthy addition to Lippincott's Portraits of the Nations series. —N. O'N.



—From "Man and His Tools."

A Muscle-powered Pile Driver.

MAGIC BULLETS. *The Story of Man's Valiant Struggle Against Enemy Microbes. By Louis Sutherland. Illustrated by Harper Johnson. Little, Brown.* $3. A record of man's struggle against enemy microbes and the important role the microscope has played in the discovery, cause, and control of disease. Vaccines, antitoxins, molds, and research in antibiotics are the magic bullets now used in controlling epidemics and in the improvement of health on an international scale.

Graphic, informative illustrations by Harper Johnson, a brief bibliography of titles for further reading, and an index add to the usefulness of a fascinating book covering the historical progress of medical research. —D. M.

MAN AND HIS TOOLS. *By William A. Burns. Pictures by Paula Hutchison. Whittlesey House.* $2.75. A graphic, readable presentation of the evolution of man's basic tools, developed historically from the days of the cave man up to and including the power-driven tools of today. Excellent line drawings supplement the text. Both author and illustrator are staff members of the American Museum of Natural History. —D. M.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WYATT EARP. *By Stuart N. Lake. Houghton Mifflin.* $2.50. When Stuart Lake persuaded Wyatt Earp, peace officer of the West of the late 1890s, to talk the true story of the old West was told. And it is a first-hand, exciting account of a West of buffalo ranges, cowboys, mining camps, and Wells Fargo.

This biography is a shortened version of "Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal," the official biography published in 1931, and the author is the originator of the current TV series.

Teen-age viewers of the TV program will read with interest of this hero who was the sure master in most situations in this unsensational account of true history. —N. R.

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Fiction

Continued from page 15

it has taken for this prize-winning novel to cross the ocean to its potential readers. But more than this is the fact that there are earlier and even better Mishima novels and plays, as anyone seriously concerned with the literary movement of Japan knows full well. Nor can the delay be for lack of translations. Weatherby, for instance, has another completed translation of a Mishima novel which I saw when I was in Japan a few years ago. Perhaps one fact in the tardiness of Mishima's emergence in America, and this is the only deterrent I can think of, has been the undercurrent of homosexuality which has up to "The Sound of Waves" pervaded his work. While this fact of human behavior appears to be far less prevalent in Japan than it is in America, it still seems odd that Japanese publishers should find themselves bolder than American ones.

"The Sound of Waves" is without question the best Japanese novel to appear in translation to date. It is also the least exotic in a negative sense, the least obscure, and the least foreign. Mishima is a modern Japanese and, without aping the West, he has struck a note of community, of kinship, with the whole world that makes his fisherfolk and their ways no more alien or unfamiliar to our hearts than, say, the Southerners who inhabit the special world of Tennessee Williams.

LOST LONDONERS: Things are bound to happen to a girl who invites almost anyone to her parties "because, after all, the chief thing is to know as many men as possible, and then they'll bring along their brothers and their friends, and one *might* come across just the right person." And so they do to Alexandra, a pert young thing trying to live an "artistic" life in a Bohemian quarter of London. **"The Cost of Living"** (St. Martin's Press, $3.50), Kathleen Farrell's novel about Alexandra and her friends, told in the person of the downstairs neighbor, a basically sensible woman who becomes too easily involved in other people's affairs, is both witty and civilized, if quite pointless.

Its characters, from the Viennese lay-analyst who is convinced that anyone who crosses the street against the light is indulging a deep-seated death wish, to the stiffish Donald, a tramcar conductor who is doggedly trying to master the Finer Things of Life, all resemble damp refugees from a London ration queue, and all are remarkably devoid of funds. To the narrator their dreary lives (hers included) are hardly worth the "cost of living" even if they had the price; and so they would be in the living of them; but to read about them as they pass one minor crisis after another, emerging relatively unscarred and with just enough money left to pay the gas bill, is quite a lot of fun.

Alexandra, by the way, never does find "just the right person," and the book ends with another party being planned, no doubt similar to that with which the story opens. It would be unwise to adduce a complex cyclic theory of social history from this, but it does bring us back rather neatly to where we came in. —JEROME STONE.

THOSE WHO SERVE: In **"Beyond the Gates"** (Dutton, $3.50) Dorothy Evelyn Smith presents a modern version of the basic Christian story. Lydia, her heroine, is taken from an orphanage as an ugly, inarticulate child. She spends the rest of her life in gratitude and service to the kind, intelligent woman who took her in as a servant.

If it is told in somewhat oversimplified terms, the story also avoids the pitfall of sentimentality. Lydia is mentally and physically equipped for no higher destiny than service in the Howard family. She is one of those "with no understanding, no kingdom or power, no glory—with nothing in their hearts but love." The weakness of the novel lies perhaps in her lack of any driving desire for a different life. An interesting psychological thread runs through the story. As the child feared what might lie beyond the gates of the orphanage, so the grown woman lives in constant terror that the Howard family may cast her out again. Her sacrifice is thus conceived as resulting from a deep psychological weakness. Yet no duality is felt in the structure of the novel, and both these elements are successfully encompassed by the author's compassion and understanding. —LULLA ADLER.

ALSO NOTED: "The Wind Was Cold," by Hugh Clevely (Morrow, $3.50), is a fictional autobiography that starts off a slap-dash recount of Noel Stuart Dicton's hurried marriage, its break-up, and eventual reunion with wife and son. From then on things grow progressively grim for this British ménage. A Texas Belle visits the Dictons and falls in love with Noel's son but out of the past and the slums there comes the vulgar figure of another son by Noel. This one is of illegitimate premarital vintage, a chap who after setting his sights on "Texas," brings the Dicton household melodramatically to the brink of destruction. Mr. Clevely's concoction has moments of good character play amid its wild plot improbabilities.

"All the Kingdoms of Earth," by Hoke Norris (Simon & Schuster, $3.50), is a first novel about the relations of white and colored in a North Carolina mountain community. The story is centered about Esther Sykes, the fruit of her mother's experience while in the employ of the genteel Nortons. Mr. Norris follows the trials of a mixed offspring through marriage and death, with looks at the snarled relations of the Norton clan, and the folksy-wise Preacher Prescott who guides his colored flock through troubled times. The story brims with richly characterized people and events, the work of a writer with a finely-tuned ear for speech and descriptive language. —S. P. MANSTEN.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
SURPRISE ENDINGS BY HERCULE POIROT *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $3.50)	Three-in-one reissue of 1934, 1935, and 1936 yarns in which egghead Belgian puts little gray cells to work.	"The A.B.C. Murders," "Murder in Three Acts," and "Cards on the Table" included in this admirable packet.	225,000-word bargain.
HARM INTENDED *Richard Parker* (Scribner's: $3)	English man-in-street wins £30,000 football pool; two low-IQ crooks plot to make hay.	Five kids (6-13) major factors in nicely-told yarn; suspense holds nicely; adult job.	Superior number.
THE BAD BLONDE *Jack Webb* (Rinehart: $2.75)	Father Shanley and Sgt. Sammy Golden team to solve one LA-area killing and to prevent another.	Chapterless job abounds in dissolving shots; suffers from experimentation; pace good when let.	Fancy work, but has bite.
A DRAM OF POISON *Charlotte Armstrong* (Coward-McCann: $3)	Calif. lit. prof. mates late; complications include bossy sister; contemplated felony nearest crime approach.	Drama turns to gay melodrama as yarn unfolds, but pace is speedy throughout; sprightly is the word.	Unusual, effective.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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In and Out of "Who's Who"

Continued from page 8

w names in Volume 29 there are o brothers who are both bishops of e Protestant Episcopal Church, arles Gresham Marmion and Wil-m Henry Marmion. It is the first stance of two brothers, bishops, en-ing "Who's Who" at the same time. Age is no barrier to the pages of the g Red Book. The former champion the oldsters was the late Edward Uehling, an engineer of West Allis, isconsin, who led the age parade for veral editions. He was spry and alert the last, and passed away recently the ripe old age of 104. His mantle l on Arthur Judson Brown, cham-on senior biographee of Volume 29. own is a clergyman and author, and sides on Park Avenue, New York ty. He celebrated his ninety-ninth rthday on December 3, 1955.

"WHO'S WHO in America" was iginally the brainchild of Alfred elson Marquis, who launched the blication in 1899. Marquis was a icago publisher of business and ref-ence books, and he got the idea that nerica needed a standard reference ork which listed biographical data prominent people. Inclusion in the ok was to be based on accomplish-ent alone. He borrowed the title Who's Who" from an English publi-tion, but the British publication was stly a listing of aristocracy and ue-bloods. The first few editions ere something of a struggle, until mericans realized it was not just a omoter's scheme. But within a decade Who's Who" was a household term. When Mr. Marquis launched "Who's ho" in 1899 he really started some-ing in the way of a publishing move-ent. Country after country has llowed the pattern and standards t by Marquis, as comparable vol-nes have appeared in this language id that over the years. Today we id a whole galaxy of publications the international "Who's Who" con-ellation. France has "Qui Est-e?"; Germany—"Wer Ist's"; Italy—Chie-è"; Netherlands—"Wie is Dat"; weden—"Vem Är Det"; Norway—Hvem er Hvem?"; Finland—"Kuka ukin On"; Argentine—"Quien es uien"; and a host of other similar samples. The latest country to join ie "Who's Who" parade is Israel, here "Who's Who in Israel" made s bow in 1952. Needless to say, these e all not connected with the Amer-an publication.

By 1926 Mr. Marquis began to feel ncern over the fate of "Who's Who" the event of his death, for he was seventy-one years of age. He greatly feared that the book might fall into unscrupulous hands after his death, and that the high standards which he had striven so hard to build up would be cast aside. He was, therefore, entering into negotiations with a large Eastern publishing house to sell the publishing enterprise. Two prominent Chicagoans, Wheeler Sammons and A. W. Shaw, president and chairman, respectively, of the A. W. Shaw Company, publishers of business magazines, got wind of the deal. They knew if "Who's Who" was sold Chicago would lose this famous publication. So they called on Mr. Marquis, and convinced him he could entrust his beloved book to Sammons and Shaw. Later Sammons bought out Shaw, while Marquis retained a share in the business until his death.

Shortly after the original transaction was completed Mrs. Marquis told Sammons: "Albert will die unless he keeps on editing 'Who's Who'." So Mr. Marquis kept right on working as editor until about 1940, when he became editor emeritus, a position he held until his death in 1943.

The Sammons era, which actually began about 1937, when Mr. Sammons began devoting full time to "Who's Who," has held to the high standards which Marquis had set for "Who's Who." Editor Sammons had an iron-clad axiom that "you cannot buy, bribe, or flatter your way into 'Who's Who.' Under the new regime the research work was greatly expanded. Whereas Marquis with two or three assistants obtained names chiefly by watching newspapers and depending on recommendations, Sammons, with a watchful eye on both an expanding nation and an expanding circulation, had researchers methodically check all sources of candidates. After 1937, when publisher Sammons took full charge, the business became something of a family affair. Mr. Sammon's wife, Dorothy, for instance, was the obituary expert for the book, and for its companion volume, "Who Was Who." Wheeler Sammons, Jr. has acted as sort of "executive editor" for the past several years, and guided the publication of the new Volume 29. The senior Sammons died last February at the age of sixty-six, and ever since control of the publication has been the subject of legal dispute. Jackson Martindell, president of the American Institute of Management, was awarded control by a court last June in execution of an agreement he had reached with the senior Sammons, but the surviving Sammonses are appealing.

THE perennial question which Americans ask is: "How do you get into 'Who's Who'?" Also frequently inquired is: "Do you stay in forever once you get in?"

Sammons explains that the cardinal principle in selecting names is this: "'Who's Who in America' shall endeavor to list those individuals who are of current national reference interest and inquiry either because of meritorious achievement in some reputable field of endeavor or because of positions they hold."

Class One biographees includes those subject to inquiry nationally due to conspicuous achievement in some reputable field of endeavor. But the editors automatically turn thumbs down on the merely notorious, those of only transitory interest, and "the notable solely because of physical dexterity or prowess" (sports figures).

A Class One name must loom above the vast majority in its field and the achievements of its possessor must make him subject to extensive inquiry or discussion, either generally or in a particular line of endeavor. Into this class fall the prominent man or woman of an art, science, or business. Whether or not a notable person is technically "American" because of residence or citizenship is immaterial. If the requisite degree of reference interest is considered to exist in this country, and the achievement is meritorious, that is sufficient.

Furthermore, an individual's fame in his own community is not necessarily a criterion. Names often appear in "Who's Who" of men who are prominent in a special field, but who are hardly known at all "at home." Frequently a man of distinguished achievement may be almost a stranger in the locality where he lives. Often he is a man whose work is better known than himself. It is an aim of "Who's Who" to gather and dissem-

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inate information concerning such an individual.

The individuals included in the second basic category for "Who's Who" are those accepted because of the positions they hold. They are the "arbitrary" class briefly discussed earlier in this article: elected and appointed public officials, whose incumbencies are determinative factors for inclusion.

The Editorial Department is one of the three main departments of Marquis-Who's Who, Inc. (the other two being the Administrative and Controller's Departments). The Editorial Department is divided into three divisions: Names-Research Division, Compilative Division, and Copy Preparation Division. Head of these three divisions is Miss Gladys Leonhart, editorial director, who has made a career of research. Her work is never-ending, for the minute her editorial staff put the finishing touches on a succinct biographic entry of "ZILCH, Joseph" in volume 29, theoretically on the last work-day of December 1955, they promptly go to work first thing on the first work-day of the new year on the life sketch of "AARONSON, Abraham" or whatever name would lead the alphabetic parade for Volume 30. The Names division is supervised by a young man from Atlanta originally, James M. Ethridge. Possibly a quarter of a million names are scanned and evaluated by Mr. Ethridge's division, drawn from every possible source: directories of all types, nominations of friends, recommendations of committees and boards in all kinds of pursuits, and a host of other sources. In a new edition 8,000-9,000 of this vast group will finally be chosen for inclusion on the standards already referred to.

The major task of the Compilative Division, headed by Miss Beverly Wentland, who started working for "Who's Who" ten years ago when she was eighteen, is to handle the mailing, filing, and record-keeping involved in putting together reference books almost entirely by direct-mail procedures. For instance, when a biographee's data is received it is this divison's job to have succinct sketches written from it mailed out; then later to send out galley-proofs to the biographee for checking the accuracy or for additions or deletions. When proof is received back the Copy Preparation division takes over, the proof is put in a dummy and sent on to the printers in St. Louis. Sammons estimates that his firm mails out about 100,000 first-class letters each month. Marquis-Who's Who is the best first-class postage customer in its postal zone in Chicago.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele: jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 32¢ per word; 26 times 34¢ per word; 13 times 36¢ per word; 6 times 38¢ per word. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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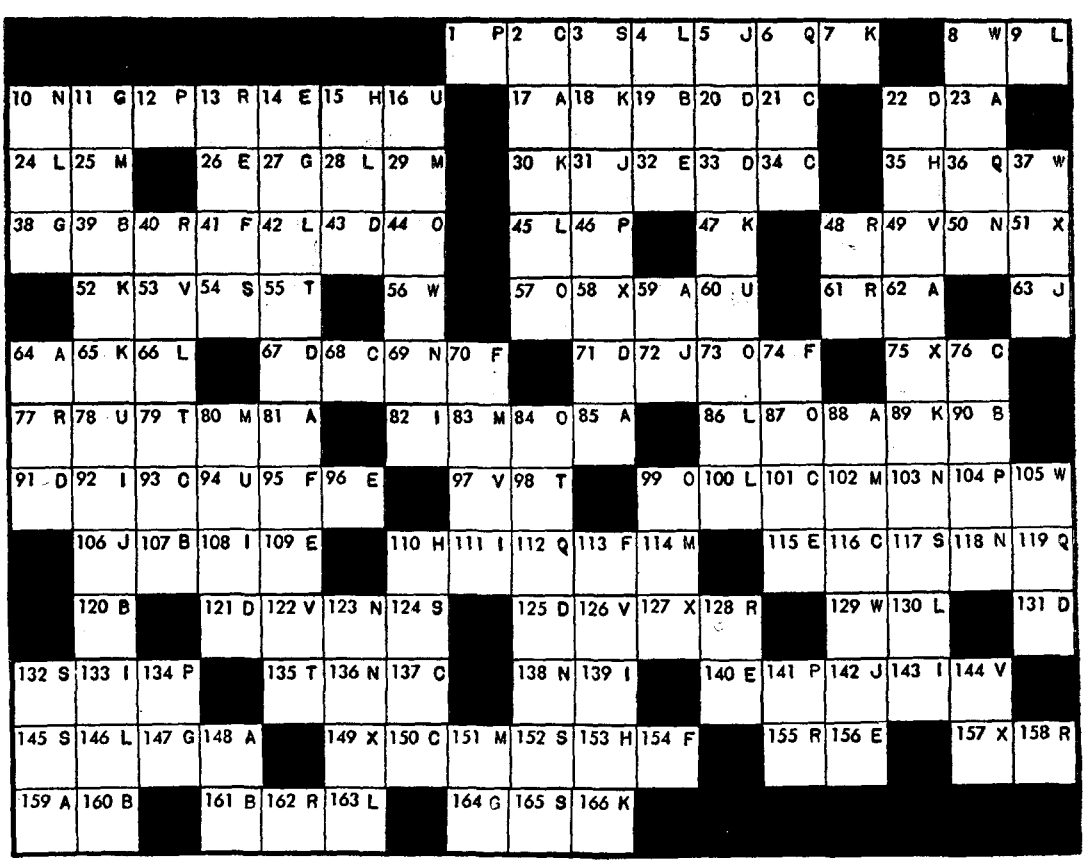
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Object nearest to Wordsworth's violet, "half hidden from the eye" (2 wds.).	88 64 23 81 148 62 17 59 159 85
B. A delicate north temperate plant, *Dryopteris linneana*, with triangular fronds (2 wds.).	107 120 160 161 19 39 90
C. Refracting.	116 2 101 137 150 68 34 21 93 76
D. Tan (2 wds.).	43 22 131 91 125 121 20 67 71 33
E. Consistently thoughtful and prudent (comp.).	156 14 109 96 140 32 26 115
F. Amer. lawyer and politician, commissioner from the Confederacy to England and France, 1861.	70 113 74 41 95 154
G. Given name of the Detroit Tigers' great baseball player (1886—).	38 164 147 27 11
H. Specifying the cancer "cells" now being much used in researches of bacteriologists (named for the original source).	110 15 153 35
I. Ambitious to equal another.	139 108 111 143 133 92 82
J. Amer. playwright, Pulitzer Prize, 1924.	72 142 63 31 5 106
K. One of Hitler's superhighways.	89 166 30 65 52 47 18 7
L. Has under observation secretly or furtively.	9 24 66 100 163 4 45 42 28 86 146 130
M. Long gadget for pulling down a bough so as to gather certain fruits.	114 102 80 29 25 83 151
N. The part of a machine shop where implements are kept and handed out as needed to workmen.	103 118 50 69 10 123 136 138
O. Reputed first Methodist preacher in Amer. (1728-73).	73 84 57 87 99 44
P. Low-caste washermen of India (one of several interchangeable spellings).	134 141 1 12 104 46
Q. Level space between the waste bank and the edge of a drainage ditch.	36 6 119 112
R. In logic, a proposition not self-contradictory assumed for argument.	162 155 13 61 48 40 128 158 77
S. *Caught up with.*	165 145 152 117 3 132 54 124
T. Notch made by cutting with an ax.	55 79 98 135
U. The part of a vessel connecting the keel with the bottom of the rudderpost in a single-screw vessel.	16 60 78 94
V. Whatever causes bad luck.	126 49 53 144 122 97
W. Scene of opening of Act III of the opera "Thaïs."	8 56 37 129 105
X. Shelley's word for a city *nymph.*	157 58 149 75 127 51

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 28 of this issue.

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there is nothing like the grapevine when it comes to selling advertising space . . .

n the time, a score of years ago, that Louis Untermeyer ded to sell a donkey and Christopher Morley wrote a le imaginary classified section as the proper setting for an advertisement, the classified pages of The Saturday iew have been one of America's favorite conversation es. (There were many bidders for the donkey, incidenr, and it wound up as a possession of Angelo Patri, the ed friend of children.)

ı the early history of The Saturday Review "the lonely ·ts" found its classified pages the perfect meeting—and ing—place. However, when the magazine's circulation ıbed to 100,000 (the circulation guarantee is now 150,000 paid), the management became fidgety and worrisome r the problem of supervising and controlling a category dvertising so whimsical and capricious. So some reason- restrictions reducing somewhat the calculated risks were in effect. But no matter how reasonable these restrictions t least we thought they were—there was much wailing n coast to coast. But we stood firm, even though some of best friends thought we had done away with one of the ter and brighter things of life.

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18. **VIVALDI:** Il Cimento Dell'Armonia E Dell' Invenzione
19. **BRAHMS:** Clarinet Quintet
20. **HAYDN:** The Seven Last Words of Christ
21. **STRAVINSKY:** Duo Concertante; Pulcinella Suite
22. **PURCELL:** Fantasias In Four Parts
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